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LARIATTES

A Book of Poems and Favorite Recitations.

BY

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

"THE POET SCOUT."

The Devil has sport
With the long-faced sort,
That BAW'S like a motherless calf;
But the Devil will beat
A hasty retreat
When you open your face and laugh.

WILLIAM A. BELL
PUBLISHER.
SIGOURNEY, IOWA.
1904.

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a.m.s. Nov. 9, 1921

A STARTER.

For several years, often without the least provocation, I have been in the habit of reciting my poems and singing my songs whenever I could corral a squad of friends and my old comrades yet possessing vitality enough to survive the affliction. So far I have escaped with my life, and with but few bruises, for which I am truly grateful to the kind providence which has stood by me.

Often after reciting some of the crude offspring of my somewhat erratic brain, I have been besieged by comrades and friends who desired to secure copies of them, and on innumerable occasions I have been urged to group them together in a little book, so that all might secure them. Yielding to these many importunities, and since my first book is out of print, I have selected a few that I regard as the best of my poems and songs, and I now send them forth under the title "Lariettes," with a brief sketch by John G. Scorer. If I can Lariette your affections for this little volume, is it possible you may wish to secure an autograph copy of my forthcoming book which will be elegantly bound and profusely illustrated, "Dot Leedle Cripple Boy," alone, having five excellent pictures by a well known artist. Should you desire a copy with autograph send me your name. The price will be $1.25 or $1.50.

Yours In Clouds or Sunshine,

"CAPT. JACK" CRAWFORD,

Press Club, N. Y.

DEAR READER--JUST ANOTHER WORD:

As was stated on the foregoing page, that since my first and last book has been out of print thousands of people, mostly young people, have asked me where they could secure copies of poems which they have heard me recite, and as I have written hundreds of copies, or dictated them, for friends, I finally consented to allow my friend, WILLIAM A. BELL, to put these poems and sketches together in his own way, in order that those who desired so to do could secure a copy at a reasonable price. As my duties have prevented me from giving this my personal attention I would simply ask the critics to spare the author and the printer as this is just a makeshift, and, yet there are bits of soul and sunshine herein which will make you forget its crudeness.

Yours in Clouds or Sunshine,

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

A UNIQUE CHARACTER IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, "THE POET SCOUT."

By John G. Scorer.



"THE POET SCOUT."

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD is a most remarkable man, and one of America's few remaining picturesque characters. He is not a church man, yet he is accomplishing a Christian work which will certainly secure for him a very light cross-examination when called up for a final disposition of his case at the bar of heaven. He is a most eloquent preacher, yet not an expounder of the gospel as interpreted by any creed or sect. I think he has read the Bible a little, for I have heard him quote or endeavor to quote passages of Scripture to sustain a point of argument or clinch an assertion, yet candor compels me to say that in several instances he gave credit to Shakespeare for the utterances of the New Testament apostles.

Captain Crawford is a self-made man, and he has no reason to feel ashamed of the job. In gleaning for the golden grains of knowledge in the great field of education, he never had the assistance of a school teacher or a school book. Until he reached the age of fifteen, the English alphabet was as meaningless to him as is the Chinese alphabet to the average schoolboy. When, as a boy soldier, he was borne away from the bloody field of Spotsylvania with a hip shattered by a rebel bullet, and was sent to a northern hospital, he knew as little

of books as the modern policeman knows of the majesty of the law.

While lying upon a cot of pain in the Saterlee hospital at Philadelphia, one of the attending Sisters of Charity learned of his illiteracy and asked him if he would not like to learn to read and write. He grasped at this proffered key to the door of knowledge with an earnestness which startled the black-robed sister, and in an hour she was seated by his cot patiently pointing out to him the different formations of the letters of the alphabet. He proved an apt scholar, and in a very short time after taking his initial lesson, he was able to "print" with a pencil and make some very commendable efforts at spelling some of the simpler words. While lying upon his cot he wrote the first letter of his life, a printed epistle to his mother, and although he began it "Deer Mother" and closed with "Yure woonded Sun," it is safe to assume that no mother ever more highly prized a missive from her soldier boy than did Mrs. Crawford that crude, uncouth, misspelled letter which came from the field of war to her cottage home amid Pennsylvania's coal-bowelled hills. He soon learned to read, and when able to again join his regiment at the front astonished his father, a soldier of the same company, by reading to him a letter received from his mother on the day he left the hospital.

Shortly after the close of the war, young Crawford sought for a more stirring life than a dull eastern village could afford, by going to the far western frontier. And here, in this connection, is a bit of information which I believe has never before appeared in print. He was one of the first party of seven intrepid men to enter the Black Hills country in defiance of the lurking red men and the warnings of the military authorities. While Custer City was being built, the Indians became unpleasantly aggressive, and a company, known as "the Black Hills Rangers," was formed to scout the surrounding country and protect the workmen from attack by meeting and beating back advancing bands of savages. At the organization of the company, Crawford was unanimously elected its captain, and, with the well-known antipathy felt by frontiersmen toward family names, he was known throughout the hills as he has since become known all over the land as "Captain Jack." That appellation, fastened to him by his dashing comrades of the Rangers, will stick to him through life, and if his present advancement can be taken as an evidence of his future triumphs in the fields of literature and oratory, the name will live long after his body has crumbled into dust.

The story of his great work as a scout and as chief of scouts for the armies of the frontier in desperate and exciting Indian campaigns has been rehearsed in the public prints again and again. His admirable record in that perilous calling stands resplendent on the pages of the history of Indian campaigning in the West. The excellent credentials he bears from military commanders establish the fact that he stands second to no man since the days of Kit Carson in intelligent guiding, fearless scouting and deeds of personal daring in the field of Indian warfare. Go through the military posts of the far West and ask the older soldiers of him, and the utterances of the superior officers will be fully corroborated. Talk to the old-time frontiersmen who toiled and battled with the advance in the great march of progress and civilization, and they will bear willing and earnest testimony to his gallant services in the trying days

when almost every bush concealed a painted foeman, and danger lurked behind almost every rock near the trail. Draw the distinguished scout himself into conversation regarding the days when the savage Indians pursued the shaggy buffalo over the ground now brought to fruitfulness by the gleaming plow of the farmer, and in unguarded moments (for modesty is a marked trait of his character) he will let fall hints of daring deeds, of desperate adventure, which leads the listener to eagerly long for a feast of recital of which he has given but a taste. He will with fervid eloquence relate the daring deeds of comrade scouts, will depict in glowing word pictures the gallantry of officers and enlisted men in desperate situations, but when his own acts in such warlike affairs are touched upon he modestly belittles them or becomes as dumb as the proverbial oyster.

"If all this be true," you ask, "why is it that while the praises of a few other scouts have for years been sung all over the land, Crawford was but seldom heard of until brought into prominence by his eloquence, his literary work and his wonderful powers of entertainment?"

The question is easily answered. Its solution lies in the sense of modesty referred to above. While a very few other scouts and a large number of "fakirs" who never saw a day's Indian service courted the novelist and the untruthful sensational correspondent, Crawford combatted them and bitterly denounced their gross exaggerations and untruthful pictures of frontier life and character. While other border characters have been known to pay handsome sums of money to these vultures which hover over the field of literature to make them the heroes of mythical adventures and hold them up to public view as dashing, fearless men who laughed at peril and who on the least provocation slaughtered Indians with ruthless hand, Crawford warned the conscienceless warts on the face of journalism or the vipers who scattered their venom to the youth of the land through the pages of the flash novel that should any of them use his name in their unnatural and untruthful stories, he would call them to account in a most vigorous manner. By this conscientious course he gained the warmest commendation of the officers of the army, and of all the truth-loving men of the West. Subsequently when other scouts and would-be scouts sought to bolster up the questionable fame given them by the writers of fiction by posing as dashing Indian slayers and cut-throats in the arena of the wild west show or on the stage in the vile blood-and-thunder border drama, Crawford quietly and modestly worked his way to the front in the higher field of literature and platform entertainment. And note the result. The better classes of people have become sickened of men who call attention to their prowess by the wild whoop of defiance and the crack of the blank cartridge charged six-shooter until one of these buckskinned frauds on the streets of a city now attracts less attention from the general public than a slant-eyed Chinaman. The so-called cowboys in the wild west show and in the wild west adjunct to the circus and the bogus scouts who figure in the same ridiculous imitations of western scenes draw less pay than the "nigger singers" who appear in the concert which follows the big show, and work chiefly for the false standing as heroes which they attain in the eyes of the inexperienced village youth and the more ignorant servant girls of the larger cities. Like

Othello, they will soon be out of a job, for the attractiveness of the wild west extravaganza is waning, and has become uninteresting if not obnoxious to the better classes of people all over the land.

On the other hand, Jack Crawford is but entering the precincts of public admiration. As the fading star of the over-drawn bloody side of border life pales and sinks into obscurity, his sun is rising and shedding the light of truth upon the habits and customs of the great west land which he loves so well, and blotting from the minds of the people of the East the false impressions planted there by the howling terrors of the show arena. While the delineators of impossible and improbable scenes of border life now cater only to depraved tastes and are not recognized save by the lower strata of society, Captain Crawford is held in esteem by the brightest minds of the age, his friendship is prized by artists, authors and refined people generally, and he has entree into social circles which must remain forever barred to those whose reputations have been made by the fiction writer, and who aspire only to be looked upon as men who love blood and warfare. His words regarding the border land bear the golden stamp of truth, and the people believe them. They banish from their minds the false, blood-bespattered pictures planted there by the wild west showman and sigh with relief as they do so, and welcome, with unbounded satisfaction, the pictures of the romantic, beautiful West as depicted by this true scout and borderman. When the transitory fame of the score of buckskinned characters now before the public has faded into nothingness and their names are recalled with feelings akin to disgust, the name and fame of this true son of the border, this scout-author, frontier orator and gallant soldier, will be held in esteem in the great East as it is now honored and beloved in his own West.

And now I come to the great work referred to in the opening lines of this article. During his long experience in the West, Captain Crawford has seen painful evidences of the results of dime novel reading on the part of the young boys of America. In western jails and penitentiaries, in the slums of western cities, in western hotels and restaurants, washing dishes for their food, and in a few instances on beds of death in western hospitals he has met with poor, unfortunate, deluded boys and young men led thither in search of adventure through reading the debasing border literature with which the land is flooded. On his eastern visits, scarcely a day passes without some novel-crazed youth seeking him out to ask his advice as to which portion of the West offers the most fruitful field for heroic adventure, and as to the proper outfit which one should secure who purposes to go into the hero business. On such occasions, no matter how busy he may be, and he is a very busy man, he lays all else aside and delivers the deluded youth a lecture which shatters his idols and sends him away frightened at his near approach to the precipice of ruin and degradation. At his every public entertainment he devotes a portion of his time to a talk to boys on this line, and at the close fathers and mothers crowd forward to take him by the hand and thank him for opening the eyes of their children to the baneful results of reading that class of literature. But recently he was sent by a lyceum bureau to give an entertainment in one of Chicago's most prominent churches. There were many boys in the audience, and he painted the evils of

novel reading in words so burning, so earnest and so convincing, that many of the young victims of that vice sat trembling in their seats. It was a presentation of the case which they never can forget. At the close of the entertainment, a royal ovation was tendered the eloquent scout, and the honored pastor, Rev. Martin, of Grace M. E. Church, thrilled with pleasure at what he pronounced most eloquent sermon, asked the ptain to occupy his pulpit on the llowing Sunday evening and preach condemnation of vile literature and depict the beauties of temperance as he did on that occasion. The unusual invitation was accepted, and a very large congregation came out to listen to the gifted westerner and he was warmly congratulated on his pure, grand utterances. A few weeks since, at Whitewater, Wisconsin, on invitation of Rev. Mr. Cole, pastor of the M. E. Church, he filled the pulpit and addressed an audience which filled every seat and many chairs placed in the aisles, and more than three hundred persons were turned away unable to gain admission. This seems wonderful in light of the fact that Captain Crawford is not a professed Christian, not a member of any rch, and was but a short time a warrior battling with hostile dians on the western frontier. In troducing him, the Whitewater pastor explained that the Captain was not a church man, and added: "I am glad he is not. He is doing a grander work outside of the church than he would be able to accomplish if within. He reaches those whom the church cannot reach."

A few weeks ago Captain Crawford went to Pontiac on invitation of Major McClaughty, Superintendent of the State Reformatory, and addressed the boys confined in that institution. His youthful audience was moved to tears as in his pleasing, musical voice he pointed out to them the beautiful paths of morality every one of them could tread after leaving the institution, and in vivid colors depicted the shame and suffering consequent upon a life of immorality. He told them stories of the West, uprooted from their young minds the ideas planted there by dime novel reading, a habit which was the cause of many of them being there as prisoners. The superintendent did not hesitate to say that the talk did more real good to the unfortunate boys than would all the sermons that could be preached to them. The Y. M. C. A.'s have sought him out. He has frequent calls to visit Sabbath Schools, and responds in every instance when it is possible to do so. With an enthusiasm born of a pure heart and a great fund of sympathy and love for the young people of the land, he labors tirelessly in this new field, and the heartfelt blessings of grateful parents and the benedictions of good people everywhere come to him as a reward for his most effective missionary work. If he were as well known in his efforts to combat the pernicious influences of lurid fiction as other western men are known in the debasing blood-and-thunder drama and the contaminating wild west arena, both of which fill the minds of boys with false and dangerous ideas of the West and its romances, he would be able to respond to but a very small percentage of the calls for him which would come in from every portion of the broad land.

Captain Jack Crawford's star is in the ascendant. It grows brighter and brighter, and ere another year has been stricken from the calendar of time the "Poet Scout" will be known and honored everywhere within the limits of America. Such a light cannot be hidden under a bushel.

The following extracts from recent testimonials will show that Mr. Scorer's predictions regarding the "Poet Scout", are coming true. He is recognized to-day, as one of the greatest Lyceum and Chautuaqua attractions in America, while in the sunny South, he is rated only second to Governor Bob Taylor. He appeared on the same platform, week of May 4th this year, at Hawkinsville, Georgia, Chautauqua with Bob Taylor, Sam Jones and Tom Watson; and after acting as substitute for Georgia's favorite son and famous orator, General John B. Gordon, at Albany, Georgia, April 28th last. The mayor of Albany and Superintendent of the chautauqua wrote to Captain Jack's manager:—"I wish to thank you for having suggested and supplied Captain Jack Crawford as a substitute for General Gordon. They differ from each other only as stars differ in glory. As an entertainer "Captain Jack" is a "sui generis," and altogether unique and I commend him to any who wish strength combined with gentleness, poetry with eloquence, and the truly artistic in a picturesque setting."

Governor Terrell, who with his staff sat on the platform, wrote on the same day:—"Having to-day heard Captain Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout, lecture before the chatauqua assembly, I voluntarily bear testimony to the picturesqueness of his personality, the earnestness and eloquence of his address and the fine moral tone of all he said. His patriotic sentiments and fraternal devotion to the future unity of heart and a purpose in our native land deserve to be heard and applauded by men and women of all politics, religions and national ambitions of the best character."

And from a member of the Governor's staff:—"On behalf of scores of the leading gentlemen composing the staff of the Governor of Georgia, including lawyers, bankers, journalists and publicists, I certify that Capt. Jack Crawford's lecture at Albany Chautauqua to-day was one of the most unique, pathetic and patriotic addreses they have ever enjoyed. We earnestly commend him to the confidence and cordial hearing of our fellow citizens throughout the Union." - Rev. Sam W. Small, Evangelist and Lecturer, Lieu. and Aid-de-camp of the Governor of Georgia.

And just as we are going to press comes this letter from the Ottawa Chautauqua assembly:—"I want to take this method of letting you know how I appreciate you and your work. Your entertainment at our assembly was unique, strong and elevating. None drew a larger crowd nor called forth so many hearty commendations. You are a whole first class show all by yourself. Your address last Sunday afternoon in the country was thoroughly enjoyed, and of very great profit to the people. God bless Captain Jack. Come again You are doing great good. Yours faithfully,—C. S. Nusbaum, Secretary."

And from the Topeka Capital of July 14th:—"The credit of drawing the largest crowd in attendance at the Assembly belongs to the 'Poet Scout' and he entertained his hearers most excellently."

"The entertainment given by Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, in the G. A. R. Opera House, Shamokin, Pa., was unique in matter, intensely interesting in manner, and wholesome in tone and moral effect. Captain Crawford proved himself a master of an art, with no superiors and few equals. The facts and incidents which make 'The Virginian' one of the most popular and widely read books of recent issue, will make Mr. Crawford one of the most popular and most sought after entertainers on the platform of to-day. He has the advantage of this comparison, however, in that he is not a fictitious character, but one of the most unique and interesting personalities to be met anywhere. In addition to these interesting settings, the moral tone and elevating character of his entertainments are much higher and more clearly defined and applied than can be said of the popular book referred to "

"Captain Crawford is a practical champion of total abstinence and pure literature. He has a mission and a message both of which are most worthily filled and conscientiously spoken."

Jas D. Gilland,

Pastor Presbyterian Church, Shamokin, Pa., Sept. 4. 1903.

THE REAL WILD WEST.

The true boy, and nearly every true girl, has a period in life of wishing to get away from civilization and strike out in an independent existence. It is a perfectly natural and healthy wish; but like all of the best impulses of life, it has to be tempered with judgment and guided by experience. To boys this wild longing generally takes the form of a desire to get out on the plains, to seek the frontiers of civilization, and carve out fame and fortune from the conditions supposed to prevail there. Yellow-covered fiction and the sensational nickel literature of the day have pictured the possibilities of frontier life in glowing colors. They are probably responsible for the ruin of many a life that might have been saved to society but for their baleful influence upon the young imagination. The dime novel and the nickel story paper do not tell the truth about the "Wild West." The boy who pins his faith to them makes a mistake.

There is one man today who knows all about frontier life. He is trying to make people in the East understand something of its realities. Capt. Jack Crawford went out to the frontier when a young man. He had no money, he had no friends who had any influence. His sole available moral asset was a promise which he had made to his mother that he would never drink a drop of intoxicating liquor so long as he lived. "Captain Jack," as he is nearly always called, believes that this promise has been the basis of all the success that he has ever had in life. He has kept the promise faithfully. He has lived in Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming and all through the cattle country in the West through its very wildest period. From 1879-1885 he was Chief of Scouts during the Indian campaigns. He was with General Hatch, Buell, Lawton, Miles and Chaffee, and he was afterwards appointed Post Trader by Robert Lincoln, who was then Secretary of War. He has acted, too, as Sheriff and Deputy Sheriff through different parts of the great Western territory, and in all the years of roughing it in the wilds he has never tasted any kind of intoxicating liquors, and kept his promise to a dear mother, which is the search-light of the world, for any boy who loves his

mother and obeys her wishes can conquer. "Hasn't it been hard not to?" I asked him, as we sat chatting together one day. "Why, yes," he said: "nothing that is worth while comes easy. I have had a man put his revolver to my head and tell me I had to drink, if you call that hard, but I never drank, and for all of the threats that have been made me on that account I have never had a bullet in my head yet. You people in the East do not know our Western country," Captain Jack continued, "and I wish you did. I wish I could get a million boys and young men together and tell them the truth about it. If I could climb to the top of the ladder of fame and society, I would want to get right back into the slums among the boys and tell them what I know about the real wild West. I would tell them that what they have been reading about it and what they have seen represented as scenes and characters from the Wild West are simply the outcome of the imagination of people who are trying to injure the boys instead of to do them good. There are no such scenes enacted as these boys read of in the dime-novel literature and the dime-novelist's dreams that are presented to them: but many of the brightest and best boys are induced to leave good homes and run away into the West by these same dime novels."

Captain Jack is a most interesting personality. Even as a boy his ability to tell a good yarn to make the time pass pleasantly caused him to be entertained around the officers' campfires. He got, he says, his first glimpse of a better sort of life than the average frontier boy falls into by listening to the talk of the officers around these same campfires. He made up his mind that he liked that sort of thing better than the talk and the associations of the frontier saloon and the dance house, which were the common gathering places of his kind and he set himself to become fit for it. He learned to read and to write. He formed his manners from the best of what he saw about him. He saved his money, and gradually, by sheer force of right living and his own charming personality, he gained entrance into the best of frontier circles. Then he went to London: was well received there. From San Francisco to New York, and in London he is

known as the prince of companions—a man who can make a speech, or write a poem or tell a capital story at a moment's notice. And he has accomplished all this without breaking his promise to his mother. It has taken grit, but Captian Jack had grit. He has ability too, but as he said himself when we talked with him, "The ability that I have is of the sort that, if I were a drinking man, I might be using today as a bar room entertainer, instead of among my dear and delightful friends in their homes the world over. But, oh, I wish I could get at the boys all those dear boys that swarm the streets of New York and who are going to be men one of these days. I never see a lot of them that I do not wonder what sort of men they are going to be

"I was coming from my hotel on Christmas Day when a little urchin ran up to me with a newspaper. As he ran he fell, and some other boys got ahead of him and tried to sell me a paper: but I refused to buy until the little fellow came up, half crying, with his papers I handed him half a dollar, and when he reached in his pockets to get me the change I said, 'Never mind, sonny. Keep the change' He looked up in my face and said, 'Say Mister, you're a torobred.' Now that was the only Christmas present that I had that day, but to my mind it was the best I could have had."

Such is Capt. Jack Crawford—Cowboy, Scout, Frontiersman and lover of boys. There is a lesson in his life for every boy who reads about him.—Household Ledger, New York.

Captain Jack is of Scotch-Irish parentage and was a child when brought to this country. As a boy he was put to work as a slatepicker in the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

When the civil war broke out Crawford was sixteen years old. With his father he joined the famous "Miner's regiment" and began his military career. He was wounded twice and saw hard service at Spottsylvania, in the Wilderness and elsewhere. While he was lying in a hospital after receiving his second wound, at Spottsylvania, a Sister of Charity taught him to read and write. That was the only "book-learning" he ever had. All the rest of his information was gained in the hard school of experience.

CAPTAIN JACK'S PROUD RECORD.

At the conclusion of the civil war Captain Jack scouted for Custer, Crook, Lawton and a dozen other famous generals of the frontier wars. As chief of scouts during the Sitting Bull campaign he made a notably daring ride through the Indian country, carrying concealed despatches to the nearest telegraph office, four hundred miles distant, for the *Herald*. He rode all night and hid in the thickets all day, liable to be captured and tortured by the savages at any moment.

He said that one of the bravest men he ever saw in an Indian fight was "Rube" Davenport, the *Herald* correspondent with General Crook, who stood his ground with a little band who refused to retreat when the order to fall back was given That valiant stand saved the day and a massacre was prevented. A California newspaper observed the other day that Captain Jack Crawford, with "Buffalo Bill" Cody, is about the last of the band of Heroes represented by Kit Carson, Reynolds, Muggins and other famous frontiersmen

Turning from bygone days to the nearer war scenes, Crawford asked General Chaffee what he thought of fighting in Asia and the Philippines. Even among his old associates he felt diffident about talking of his own exploits, but, spurred on by questions as to resemblances between the Apaches and Sioux and the Filipinos, he finally talked as he fought—straightforwardly.

A VISIT TO GENERAL CHAFFEE.

It was a busy time for the new commandant of the Department of the East. He had scarcely "found himself" as yet. Mrs. Chaffee was indisposed. Routine military matters must be attended to, and with natural responsiveness to social amenities, it seemed like an intrusion to plan a peaceful invasion.

But several gray haired veterans recognized the "Poet Scout" and the news of his presence quickly spread around the tight little isle. "Say, Bill, yonder goes th' chap that trailed that old Apache devil Victoria cl'ar into Old Mexico," cried one. "Yep, that's Captain Jack Crawford. Bet he's goin, t' see th' old man."

"Well, I want to be on hand when the General meets him. They're two of a kind."

None could have a keener appreciation of both men than these few remaining comrades who had participated in the never to be forgotten Indian campaigns on the plains or the scorching alkali deserts and the rugged canyons further north, or their newer messmates who had been with Chaffee at Caney, Manila and Pekin. Several had ugly scars as permanent mementos or still carried bullets as concrete reminiscences of frontier warfare in which "Captain Jack" had figured conspicuously.

After the General and the Captain had concluded their scene these "vets" clamored for a barrack talk with the "Poet Scout," whom all, down to the merest "rookey," evidently held in high esteem. Some of them had attended army reunions and post camp fires where Crawford had evoked ringing laughter with his droll stories and shed a few tears with vivid rehearsals of running fights with the redskins and midnight burial parties and starvation days when hope and ammunition both ran low.

PAST SEEMED LIKE A DREAM.

Chaffee had stuck to the army and step by step had risen higher and higher, always idolized by his men, like that other commander of the Indian outbreaks, the brave and tender Lawton. Chaffee's memory, like his service record, was unbroken. With his first glance at the "Poet Scout" a flood of recollections welled up. Instead of the green lawns, wind swept of snow, there seemed to stretch before his eyes a wilderness of alkali and sage-brush. The big sky-scrapers athwart the northern sky seemed to melt into shadowy outlines of frontier forts and huddled plainsmen's huts Crawford was again chief of scouts for the United States Army in the Southwest in the campaign of 1880 and 1881, and he, Chaffee, was a captain in the Sixth cavalry, unwearied by harassing attacks and trying forays for grub and water in the Arizona deserts.

Even General Custer's heroic stand in the Yellowstone, when the famous Seventh cavalry was carved to mincemeat, seemed but yesterday. The slightly raucous tones of Crawford's voice recalled him to the present.

RED VS. BROWN SKINNED FOES.

"Couldn't beat these Apaches for treachery and cunning, now could you, General, even with your brown Tagalogs, Igorroti or Mindanao devils? Why, you remember that time after more than five hundred men, women and children had been massacred along the Rio Grande and in the mountains of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas? Wasn't it like hunting a million wasps at once?

"Tell you what General, it does me good to see you so straight and natural looking all these years after those forced marches in that infernal sun, those Eastern horses shipped out to us a dropping like flees and whole squads a toiling along on foot through that heavy, blistering sand.

"And you've been through the paddy rice fields along the Pang River and floundering through the mud of Chinese roads, and yet you're looking tip top and hearty as a drum major."

"Oh, it's when the heart gets old that we get out of step, Jack. Do you remember when the Apaches were down in old Mexico that General George Buell, commanding the department, detailed you to get a line on the redskins and you finally located them in the Canaleria Mountains and then rode sixty miles to El Paso to telegraph the news to headquarters?"

Indeed, he did. Then began a terrible march under a blinding sun to capture the marauders. Some fifteen hundred men, with 47 wagons, 2 water tanks and a solitary ambulance made up the avenging force. Jack Crawford rode at their head. It was then the acquaintance of these two men began. There was a reward of $2,000 for the capture of Victoria, the Apache chief, dead or alive, and $500 for each copper hued warrior.

Just when victory seemed won at last the Mexicans, who had invited the co-operation of the Americans, forbade their further advance southward, and; themselves surrounding the squaws and the old men, killed Chief Victoria with the rest. Among those who escaped was a young warrior, Geronimo, who joined the Apaches in Arizona, became their chief and spread terror throughout the Southwest far more thoroughly than Victoria had ever done Once more a renewal of the tireless chase that ended only when Miles and Lawton forced him to bay, and Lieutenant Gatewood had the honor of personally capturing Geronimo.—New York Herald.

NOT A SIN TO LIE THAT WAY

The old vets now will often sit, and tell their loving wives
Of many stirring incidents that crossed their soldier lives
The marches, camps and sieges, the battles hard they fought,
And how they stood up gallantly amid the storms of shot;
But raids on chicken rendezvous they'll swear they never made,
Nor ever help'd assassinate a hog in Southern glade;
Nor ever "beat" the Sutler when they drew their monthly pay
They seem to think it not a sin to lie that way.

They'll talk of great privations they were called on to endure,
And how they'd laugh at hardships which their "kicking" couldn't cure—
The beating rains, the driving snows, and many a dire distress
They will relate in sentences of growing vividness.
They'll scowl with indignation at hint of how they shirked,
And how the many "soldier" games successfully they worked;
They never dodged guard duty, but were always prompt, they'll say,
And seem to think it not a sin to lie that way.

They'll tell of how from blanket beds their truant thoughts would roam
Unto the dear, good, loyal girls they left in distant home,
And how their martial hearts would throb with rapture at the thought
Of sweethearts' loving welcome when the battles all were fought.
Just hint to one that he was sweet on some fair Southern girl,
He'll shake his head emphatic, and his lip will scornful curl;
He'll say that to his own love he was loyal every day,
And seems to think it not a sin to lie that way.

With faces tinged with sorrow as memory takes them back,
They'll tell of pangs of hunger when the rations would get slack,
And how the corn from mules they'd filch, so desperate did they grow,
While staring in starvation's face in chase of Southern foe.
And then, with look of innocence they'll tell of many a raid
Their more ungodly comrades on the big plantations made;
But raiding was a crime which at their own doors didn't lay—
They seem to think it not a sin to lie that way.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY'S LETTER

Soon after General Grant landed in San Francisco, on his tour around the world, Lincoln Post. G. A. R., presented the "Color Guard," a military drama, in which Captain Jack Crawford played the leading *role* (a Tennessee scout), supported by T. W. Keene and the California Theatre Company. During the performance Captain Jack recited the "Mountain Boy's Letter," amid great enthusiasm. It was highly appreciated by the general, who, being "corralled," as Jack expresses it, by "big bugs" and Sunday soldiers, could not reach the boys:

Who followed him into the battle
And gallantly guarded the flanks.

The poem was telegraphed across the continent, and appeared in Grant's "Tour of the World," published in Chicago, and with the exception of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," is the only poem ever wired from ocean to ocean,—*Will L. Visscher, in Denver Tribune.*

DEAR GINER'L:

I arn't no great schollar,
An' I never done nothin' to brag,
'Cept this—I was one o' the outfit
As fought for our Star Spangled Flag.
An' to-day, while yer toasted by schollars,
An' big bugs as make a great noise,
Why, I thought it the square thing to write yer
An' clip in a word for yer boys.

Cos, yer see, we ain't got the collat'r'l,
Nor the larnin' to dish it up right;
But ye'll find should thar be any trouble,
Our boys are still ready ter fight.
As for you, if they didn't corral yer,
You'd shake comrades' hands that yer seed,
An' that's why I wanted to tell yer,
We'll jest take the will for the deed.

But y're back, and the men of *all nations*
War proud to do honor to you,
An' I reckon, Ulysses, yer told 'em,
Ye wor proud o' yer comrades in blue,
For *you*, we are sure, of all others,
Remembered our boys in the ranks,
Who follor'd ye inter the battle,
And gallantly guarded the flanks.

So, welcome, a thousand times welcome,
Our land is ablaze with delight;
Our people give thanks for yer safety,
Your comrades are happy to-night.
We know you are wearied and tuckered,
But seein' as you're a new-comer,
You'll *Grant* us one glance *on this line if*
In reading, *it takes yer all summer.*





THE BEST RELIGION
...SUNSHINE...

By "The Poet Scout"



I never like to see a man a-rastlin' with the dumps.
'Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
As he takes his dose, and thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss.
There ain't no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble more'n you can drown a duck.
Remember, when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellowman with trouble's flag unfurled,
An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up an' slap him on the back an' holler "how d' you do?"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a-hurtin' 'im, and laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain,
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain.
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin' sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours,
But always keep rememberin', when cares your path enshroud
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.



CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD AND LEONARD CODY BELL

MY LITTLE PARD AND I

"I want to be a manly man,"
Said little pard to me,
"I want to do the best I can,
And ever truthful be;
I want to be my father's pride,
My mother's hope and joy,
And love the flag for which men died
When you were yet a boy."

WHAR' THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN

Do I like the city? Stranger, 'tisn't likely that I would;
'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could
Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud unearthly noise —
Everybody in a hurry, men an' wimmin, gals and boys,
All arushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble an' the jar,
Jes' as if their souls' salvation hung upon their gittin' thar.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Nothin' har' but bricks an' mortar, towerin' overhead so high
That you never see a quarter o' the overhangin' sky
Not a tree or grassy medder, not a runnin' brook in sight,
Nothin' but the buildin's shadder makin' gloom of Heaven's light.
Ev'n the birds are all imported from away acrost the sea —
Faces meet me all distorted with the hand o' misery.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder.
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Roarin' railroad trains above you, streets by workmen all defaced,
Everybody tryin' to shove you in the gutter in their haste.
Cars an' carts an' wagons rumblin' through the streets, with defenin' roar,
Drivers yellin' swearin', grumblin', jes' like imps from Sheol's shore
Factories j'inin' in the chorus, helpin' o' the din to swell;
Auctioneers in tones sonorous, lyin' 'bout the goods they sell.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales and mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Yes, I love the Western border; pine trees wavin' in the air,
Rocks piled up in rough disorder, birds a singin' everywhere;
Deer a playin' in their gladness, elk a feedin' in the glen;
Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail o' men.
Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks, an' lovely flowers
In their tinted beauty growin' in the mountain dells an' bowers.

Fairer picture the Creator
Never threw on earthly screen
Than this lovely home o' Natur'
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

AT THE MISSION DOOR

A little newsboy, weeping, stood
 Outside the Waif's Retreat;
A shaggy dog, his only friend,
 Was crouching at his feet
With attitude of perfect trust,
 And tender, lovelit eye.
I saw the boy bend over him
 With tear-wet cheek and sigh.

I asked him why those bitter tears;
 He turned away his head,
And answered: "Dere's me only frien'
 Since dad and mam' is dead.
An' dose folks in de Mission say
 Dat Tip—he can't come in;
Dat lovin' of a dog like dis
 Ain't notin' but a sin

"Well, boss, I don't know notin' much
 But say, when mudder died
Tip foun' me at her grave at night,
 An' laid down by me side;
An' when I cried dere all alone
 His head was on me knee,
An' sometin' in his eyes jes' said
 He'd be a frien' to me."

"Now, boss, you look into dem eyes
 An' say if he can't speak.
I tells yer, Tip's a gentleman
 If he ain't nice and sleek.
He don't snap like no low-down cur,
 His ways is high an' fine;
An' when I tink how good he is
 I'm mighty proud he's mine."

Tip seemed to feel his master's praise,
 He looked so very wise,
As though some sad, imprisoned soul
 Were shining through his eyes.
I took the boy's brown hand in mine
 And wiped his tears away;
I told him that no nobler friend
 Had man on earth to-day.

Both boy and dog crept to my heart,
 And they have now become
The sunshine on my cheerless hearth,
 The blessings of my home.
And all that I shall ask of Him,
 Who keeps the heavenly log—
May I be worthy that boy's love,
 The friendship of his dog.

—Success.

WHO THE HEROES WERE

You "never was scared in battle?" Here,
Old comrade, don't make a break like that!
The man don't live who was free from fear
When the vicious bullets began to spat;
And the cannons belched from their iron throats
The deafening notes of the song of war—
The frightful, terrible thundering notes
That caused the eternal earth to jar.

I've heard men say they were just as cool
In the heat of battle as they would be
In a quiet seat in a Sabbath school,
But they couldn't find a believer in me.
I never flinched, never shirked a call,
But several times in the war swept South,
If I'd been shot through the heart, the ball
Would have had to hit me square in the mouth!

It's the silliest sort of talk we hear—
And hear from soldiers of solid worth—
That they stood in the front and felt no fear
When the rumbling of battle convulsed the earth.
I hold that our bravest men were those
Who felt alarm at the cannons roar,
Yet never rearward turned their toes,
But stood like men till the fight was o'er

KIT CARSON.

(*Adios, Companera.*)

Adios, dear old hero, in peace may you slumber,
Adown near the banks of the old Rio Grande;
We think of your daring with awe and with wonder,
As near to your tomb now uncovered we stand.

A rude, simple tablet, a plain slab of marble,
Is all that your comrades have placed o'er your grave,
Sleep on, loyal heart, while the wild song-birds warble
An anthem of praise to the deeds of the brave.

The veil of the future your brave soul has riven,
To drink in the sweetest, celestial joys;
In advance you have taken the trail up to heaven
To locate a camp for the rest of the boys.

THE WELCOME HOME

Home again! Each stalwart comrade
Breathes his honest welcome back.
"Dog my cats, we's glad to see you,
Laws-ee! Whar ye bin to, Jack?
Why, old pard, we've been a thinkin',
Somdhow, we had lost yer ha'r,
An' you bet yer life, we missed ye
At our meetin's over thar."

Not one buckskin boy among them—
Not a man in all that throng—
But was glad to gaze upon me,
I had been away so long.
How my heart, with fond emotion,
Beat that night at Modie's store,
When the boys, with pure devotion,
Gathered round their chief once more!

There was Bob and Jule and Franklin,
Bill and California Joe—
Every man an Indian fighter,
Knowing all a scout should know.
But my songs and acts had won them,
And amid their merry shouts,
In the Buffalo Gap entrenchments,
I was hailed their chief of scouts.

Whether in the years succeeding
I deserved the name or not,
By our pioneers and miners
I shall never be forgot.
Never did the wily redskin
Find me napping by the way,
And I tried to do my duty
In the camp or in the fray.

Custer City, D. T. 1876.

ONLY A MINER KILLED.

While in Virginia City, in 1877, a wagon passed up Main street, with a soiled canvas thrown over it. Some curbstone brokers rushed out to investigate, and when they returned were asked what was the matter. "O", replied one, "It's only a miner killed." Old Commodore Vanderbilt died on the same day and the papers were full of accounts concerning this multi-millionaire. A paragraph in the Virginia City Chronicle, referring to the above incident, suggested the following verses:

Only a miner killed—oh! is that all?
One of the timbers caved, great was the fall,
Crushing another one shaped like his God.
Only a miner lad—under the sod.

Only a miner killed, just one more dead.
Who will provide for them—who earn their bread?—
Wife and the little ones: pity them, God,
Their earthly father is under the sod.

Only a miner killed, dead on the spot,
Poor hearts are breaking in yonder lone cot.
He died at his post, a hero as brave
As any who sleeps in a marble top grave.

Only a miner killed! God, if thou wilt,
Just introduce him to Vanderbilt,
Who, with his millions, if he is there,
Can't buy one interest—even one share.

Only a miner, bury him quick;
Just write his name on a piece of a stick.
Though humble and plain be the poor miner's grave
Beyond, all are equal, the master and slave.

THE BURIAL OF WILD BILL.

(To Charley Utter—Colorado Charley)

Under the sod in the prairie-land
We have laid him down to rest,
With many a tear from the sad, rough throng,
And the friends he loved the best;
And many a heartfelt sigh was heard
As over the earth we trod,
And many an eye was filled with tears
As we covered him with the sod.

Under the sod in the prairie-land
We've laid the good and the true—
An honest heart and a noble scout
Has bade us a last adieu.
No more his silvery laugh will ring,
His spirit has gone to God;
Around his faults let Charity cling
While you cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in the land of gold
We have laid the fearless Bill;
We called him Wild, yet a little child
Could bend his iron will.
With generous heart he freely gave
To the poorly clad, unshod—
Think of it, pards—of his noble traits—
While you cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in Deadwood Gulch
You have laid his last remains;
No more his manly form will hail
The red man on the plains.
And, Charley, may Heaven bless you!
You gave him a "bully good send:"
Bill was a friend to you, pard,
And you were his last, best friend.

You buried him 'neath the old pine tree,
In that little world of ours,
His trusty rifle by his side—
His grave all strewn with flowers:
His manly form in sweet repose,
That lovely silken hair—
I tell you, pard, it was a sight,
That face so white and fair!

And while he sleeps beneath the sod
 His murderer goes free,*
Released by a perjured, gaming set,
 Who'd murder you and me—
Whose coward hearts dare never meet
 A brave man on the square;
Well, pard, they'll find a warmer clime
 Than they ever found out here.

Hell is full of just such men;
 And if Bill is above to-day,
The Almighty will have enough to do
 To keep him from going away—
That is, from making a little scout
 To the murderers' home below;
And if old Peter will let him out,
 He can clean the ranch, I know

*Tried and released by a lot of petty gamblers, but afterwards arrested at Laramie City, and taken to Yankton, Dakota, tried and hanged.

AN EPITAPH ON WILD BILL.

The following epitaph on J. B. Hitchcock (Wild Bill) was written while sitting on his grave near Deadwood, on the tenth of September, 1876.

Sleep on, brave heart, in peaceful slumber,
 Bravest Scout in all the West;
Lightning eyes and voice of thunder,
 Closed and hushed in quiet rest.
 Peace and rest at last is given;
 May we meet again in Heaven.
 Rest in peace.

BURN'S ANNIVERSARY.

Virginia City, Nov. 1877

To Ye Sons o' Caledonia

Awa', ye brawny sons o' Scotland!
Up the banks and doon the braes,
Through the Hielands o' Nevada,
Sing yo'r songs o' ither days;
Yet it's no rich gowrey's valley,
Nor the Forth's dear sunny side;
Nor the wild and mossy mountain,
Fether of the placid Clyde.

Yet jist for the while imagine
Ye are back on Scotia's shore,
'Mong the braes and grouse and heather
Where the Highland waters roar;
'Mong the groves o' sweetest myrtle,
Or perhaps aside the Doon,
Thinking o' young Bobbie's courtship
By the light o' bonnie moon.

Noble, brave, unselfish poet!
Dina forget him 'mid yo'r joys;
Fill and drink to him a bumper—
He was nature's bard, my boys.
One o' Scotland's noblest freemen,
Spurning lords and lairds and crown!
Here's to Scotia's bard and poet—
Bobbie Burns—boys, drink her down.

Up in Heaven wi' Highland Mary,
Burns now sings a sweeter song.
He is wearing brighter laurels
Than the men who did him wrong.
"Scots wha hae," me thinks I hear it—
"Bonnie Doon," ah! how sublime;
At yo'r picnic drink this bumper:
"Bobbie Burns and Auld Lang Syne!"

"GOD BLESS YE, GENER'L CUSTER."

"By gosh, I ar' as hungry
As a prairie wolf, you bet!
An', pards, I won't forget ye,
An' am mighty glad we met.
Yer see, I've been ter prospec',
An' I lost my latitud'.
Laws'ee; but I war hungry,
Them beans war mighty good.

"I've see'd that face afore, pards—
Can't say as how I know,
My eyes ain't wot they us' ter war
'Bout fifteen year ago.
But, dog my cats, I'll swar it,
Let's take a closer sight—
Blest if it arn't the Gener'l!
I know I must be right."

And then a pearly tear-drop
Stood in the old man's eye.
"Yer know I've pray'd ter see him
Jist once afore I'd die;
He saved my wife and baby
Ween the reds began to muster."
With outstretched hand he, sobbing, said:
"God bless ye, Gener'l Custer!"

"I reckin ye don't remember
Old Bill as run the mail
From Sidney up to Red Cloud,
When ye war on the trail;
An' how that frosty mornin'
Yer saved my Tommy's life,
An' took a heap o' chances—
She told me—Jane, my wife.

"I warn't thar to thank yer
When I heerd the story through,
'Cause that wor all I had ter give,
An' all as I could do;
An' Gener'l, if yer wants me,
'Tain't much as I kin do,
But, dog my cats, I'm ready
To trump death's ace for you!"



MOTHER'S PRAYERS

Written under a Pine tree in the Black Hills in June, 1876.

In the dreary hours of midnight,
When the camp's asleep and still,
Not a sound, save rippling streamlets,
Or the voice of Whippoorwill,
Then I think of dear, loved faces,
As I steal around my beat—
Think of other scenes and places,
And a mother's voice so sweet.

Mother, who in days of childhood,
Prayed as only mothers pray:
"Guard his footsteps in the wild wood,
Let him not be led astray!"
And when danger hovered o'er me,
When my life was full of cares,
Then a sweet form passed before me,
And I thought of mother's prayers.

Mother's prayers! Ah! sacred memory,
I can hear her sweet voice now,
As, upon her death-bed lying,
With her hand upon my brow,
Calling on a Savior's blessing,
Ere she climbed the Golden Stairs.
There's a sting in all transgressing,
When I think of mother's prayers.

And I made her one dear promise—
Thank the Lord, I've kept it, too:
Yes, I promised God and mother
To the Pledge I would be true.
Though a hundred times the tempter
Every day throws out his snares,
I can boldly answer, "No, sir!"
When I think of mother's prayers.

And while here I tell the story
Why my boyhood's days were sad,
Is there not some boy before me
Who will make a mother glad?
Swell her heart with fond emotion,
Drive away life's bitter cares,
Sign and keep the pledge for mother—
Heed, oh, heed her earnest prayers!

Oh, my brother, do not drink it,
Think of all your mother said;
While upon her death-bed lying—
Or perhaps she is not dead;
Don't you kill her, then, I pray you,
She has quite enough of cares;
Sign the pledge, and God will help you
If you'll think of mother's prayers.

THE OLD FORTY-EIGHTH

OUR FIRST REUNION AND CAMPFIRE

Published at the time in the Miner's Journal, and respectfully dedicated to surviving comrades.

With love which time can never change,
We grasp each other's hands;
We think of battles fought and won,
Of Burnside's stern commands;
Bright memories of the hallowed past
Are stealing through our souls,
While thinking of our noble dead
Now mustered from our rolls.

At times our hearts would almost bleed,
And angels seemed to frown;
But God was on the ramparts, boys,
While the mortars tumbled down;
And though at times a boy was hit
With a fragment of a shell,
We stood it—did we not, comrades?
In the ramparts of Fort Hell.

And when we went on picket,
With our blankets on our arm,
And each a stick of wood, comrades,
To try and keep us warm;
How oft we thought of homes,
Of friends and parents, too,
And lovely little Schuylkill girls,
Who'd die for me and you!

And often when we shouted
To Johnny Reb's, and said
To throw us some tobacco,
And we would throw them bread,
How quickly they responded!
And the plugs came thick and fast,
And we shared them with each other—
And shared them to the last.

But though they gave tobacco,
And though we gave them bread,
Between the lines we soon must see
The dying and the dead!

And though Mahone defied us,
And though her strength was great,
Who would dare to charge them, boys,
If not our forty-eight?

And when our greatest generals
Defied her boys alone,
To charge the enemy in front
And capture Fort Mahone--
Oh, can you e'er forget it, boys?
The answer Gowan sent:
"We'll take it with the help of God,
Or die in the attempt!"

And nobly on that fatal day
He led us on so well,
Till fairly on their ramparts, boys,
Our noble colonel fell.
And did you mark the change, comrades?
Where was the leader now
Who dared to lead us on like he
Who fell with shattered brow?

I need not speak of others' deeds
Who led us on before—
Of Nagle and of Siefried, too,
Brave Pleasants and Gilmore.
Oh, no! their names are written
On a grateful Nation's shrine,
And nothing can erase them, boys,
From honor's lasting lines.

Another word—each comrade's heart
Is filled with gratitude
To Siegfried, Pleasants, Bosbyshell,
Who were so kind and good
To offer us a banquet, boys—
Such as we never saw;
Much better than the hard-tack, boys—
Hurrah! then, boys, hurrah!

And don't forget, another year
Will soon pass o'er our head,
And then we hope to meet again—
If living; but if dead,
May we not meet in Heaven, boys,
And see upon the shore
A picket guard of angels
With Gowan and Gilmore?

"CORPORAL BILL"

To the Blue and the Gray.

A camp in the mountains. The pine-knot fire
Drove gloomy shadows up higher and higher,
Till the trees and rocks and the curling stream,
And the sun tanned faces were all agleam
With the ruddy glow of the dancing light,
That shone like a gem in a setting of night.
Around the fire sat a picturesque group—
A small detail from a cavalry troop:
Bronzed old soldiers, who knew no fear,
Who had served as vets on that wild frontier:
Who were used to the fray and the night alarms
From painted demons, who came in swarms.
Near by their horses were cropping the grass
That grew up wild in the mountain pass;
And near to the saddle-pillowed head
Of each grass-cushioned, blanketed bed
Lay carbines and pistols, near at hand,
In easy reach of the scouting band,
If the picket, who up on a cliff laid low,
Should give the alarm of a coming foe.
Around the fire the warrior throng
Enlivened the hours with story and song;
And merry laughter, borne out on the breeze,
Went rippling, echoing up through the trees.
Hark! the sound of horse's hoofs were heard
Coming up the gulch like a fleeting bird;
The soldiers grasped their arms and stood
With eager eyes peering into the wood.
From the sombre shadows came dashing out
A steaming horse and a buckskinned scout—
A scout from the fort! The blue clad men
Laid down their trusty rifles again,
And stood and waited with eager ear
The news from the busy world to hear.
The scout dismounted, and bowing his head,
But four words whispered: "Boys, Grant is dead!"
There were trembling lips and pain marked eyes,
And tears and mutterings of surprise,
But not a word was spoken, until,
In a trembling voice old Corporal Bill
Cried out, "Jack, boy, don't say it is true!
Don't say it is taps—it may be tattoo!
Maybe he's waiting for orders to go—
But tell us—oh, tell us it is not so!
Grant dead! Oh, no—come, come, old Jack,

Jes' say it's a joke, an' take it back!
Yes, do, ol' pard—jes' crack a smile,
An' tell us you've galloped many a mile
To have a little fun with the boys,
An' check fur a while their camp fire joys;
Do this, ol' pard, an' we'll laugh an' sing
Till the echo comes back with a merry ring!
Too true! Ah yes; I know by yer look
It's as true as the word in the Holy Book;
An' it cuts my heart like a knife! Why, men,
I've fought under Grant again an' again;
My ol' commander, back in the days
When the South with the flames o' war was ablaze.
I've followed him over many a field
Whar smoke-blackened columns quivered an' reeled
With the dreadful shock of an iron hail
That would make the face of the stoutest pale!
I have followed him through the lead blazed wood
Whar the leaves war speckled with hero blood,
An' out over many a battle plain
Whar the ground war heaped with the warriors slain,
An' the piercin' rays o' the sun war broke
An' held in check by the clouds o' smoke
That poured from many an iron throat,
An' hung overhead, an' seemed to gloat
Like black-faced demons, from realms of woe,
O'er the fearful carnage an' death below!
The upturned faces in death so pale!
The dreadful song o' the leaden hail!
The quivering, multilated flesh!
The piercin' yells o' the mad secesh!
The shriekin', howlin', screamin' shell!
Why, boys, it must 'a-looked like hell,
With a million devils, in impish glee,
Turned loose on a holiday jamboree!
An' right on the field, ridin' here an there,
His horse a-sweatin' from every hair,
Rode Grant, as cool as a mountain spring,
His keen eye watchin' the front an' wing,
A cigar half smoked in his teeth, his face
Bearin' stern resolution in every trace.
Wharever he rode the men would cheer,
Fur it nerved 'em to think that he war near,
For they all knowed Grant, an' loved him, too,
An' the general loved his boys in blue.
An' now he is dead! The grand ol' chief
Has resigned his post to the last relief;
An' it chokes me up fur to think that he
Should be taken, an' such ol' cusses as me

Are left sort o' useless, here below,
In the land that loved our general so.
Well, pards, it war God as took him away
He musters the Blue an' he musters the Gray.
An' I reckon he needed that warrior grim
To serve with Lee on the staff with Him—
An', comrades, who knows, in that better land,
But God may give each his old command?

LAUGH

Don't frown, don't growl, look pleasant;
Just coil your lariat,
And on the slope of Joy and Hope
Ride upward, and forget
Those little cares and worries,
The tailings and the chaff;
Join in the race, just change your face
And laugh.

Astride my wild Pegasus
I ride out every day;
I fling my rope on every hope,
Corral each tiny ray
And every glint of sunshine;
E'en when I rope a calf
I must reveal the joy I feel—
And laugh.

Just think of all the shut-ins'
Who pass long weary hours
In painful way, while you may stray
In sunshine, 'mid the flowers.
Don't pass them by, take pity—
Your joys were only half
If in your cheer, you taught no tear
To laugh.

HOOD'S CHILDREN

[San Francisco Post.]

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

When the confederate General Hood and his wife died at New Orleans from yellow fever, leaving nine children, the members of the Grand Army throughout the United States were the first to tender benefits and organize fairs for their relief. Lincoln Post, of San Francisco, procured the Baldwin Theatre for one night, and the entire company, including James O'Neil, Lewis Morrison, C. B. Bishop and others volunteered, as did also T. W. Keene, then leading man at the California Theatre. On the afternoon of the day preceding the entertainment, Colonels Lyon, C. Mason Kinne, of Lincoln Post, G. A. R., and Fleurnoy, of Texas, an ex-confederate, waited upon Captain Jack Crawford and requested him to write a poem appropriate for the occasion. On the next night Colonel Kinne announced that Captain Jack Crawford was to read a poem. T. W. Keene held Jack's manuscript and actually pushed him before the curtain. Jack, with voice trembling with fear and emotion, stood before the grandest audience that ever sat in the Baldwin, while in the front orchestra seats sat the Blue and the Gray in uniform, above them hanging a silk banner of blue and gray, and intertwined with the Stars and Stripes, on which was inscribed: "*The Blue and the Gray under one Flag.*" Jack was dressed in his field buckskin suit, and looking all over the great mass of humanity in the galleries and below, his eyes resting on the Blue and the Gray, he began:

"My comrades in Blue, my brothers in Gray, your committee waited upon me yesterday and requested me to write something worthy of this occasion. I submit the following impromptu verses in Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty:

"'Dear comrades and friends in the golden land,
You may say I'm rough, you may call me wild,
But I've got a heart and a willing hand
To feel and to work for a soldier's child.
Do you think I ask on whose side he fought,
If, man and soldier, his record was good?
For though our Union was dearly bought,
All hatred is buried with Hooker and Hood.

"And, comrades, I'll tell you right here to-night,
The men most bitter against the Gray
Are those who were never seen in a fight,
But who always got sick on a fighting da

With soldiers, my friends, it is not so:
They respect each other, the Gray and the Blue,
Nor are they ashamed that the world shall know
How they stood by their colors, brave men and true.

"Was Jackson ashamed when he knelt to pray
For the cause he thought before Heaven was just,
While marching his half starved boys in Gray
On an ear of corn and a single crust?
Was Lee ashamed when he tendered his sword
To Grant, who refused the warrior's steel?
Who said: "Your horses shall be restored,
For braver never wore spurs to his heel!"

"Oh! generous hearts in the Golden State,
You are forging the links of a Union chain,
That cables one end at the Golden Gate,
That will circle the States to the Gulf-swept main—
A chain that will bind us, the Blue and the Gray,
In a union of purpose the gods will approve,
In love that grows strong in adversity's day,
And hearts that will stand by the flag we love.

"The past—it is dead! But we cannot forget it,
And, comrades we wouldn't forget if we could;
As for myself, I shall never regret it,
This poor little service I render for Hood.
His loved ones will not be distressed nor discarded;
And to-night, I am proud of a share in the stock,
And shall feel, as a soldier, I'm fully rewarded
By one little prayer from his innocent flock.

"One little prayer from the loved ones we foster,
His latest bequest to his comrades in peace,
As the pale hand of death wrote his name on the roster,
And the angel on guard gave his spirit release.
Oh, comrades, let charity's mantle enfold them,
Old Abe had no malice, no hate in his soul;
On the ramparts above may we hope to behold them,
While Washington musters each name on the roll."

THE VETERAN AND HIS GRANDSON

Dedicated to CORPORAL JAMES TANNER, the best friend of the Blue and the Gray.

Hold on! Hold on! My goodness, you take my breath, my son,
A-firin' questions at me, like shots from a Gatlin' gun:
Why do I wear this eagle an' flag an' brazen star—
An' why do my old eyes glisten when somebody mentions war?
An' why do I call men "comrade," an' why do my eyes grow bright
When you hear me tell your grandma I'm going to post to-night?
Come here, you inquisitive rascal, an' set on your grandpa's knee,
An' I'll try an' answer the broadsides you've been a-firin' at me.

Away back there in the sixties, long afore you were born,
The news come a-flashin' to us, one bright and sunny morn,
That some of our Southern brothers, a-thinkin', no doubt, 'twar right,
Had trained their guns on our banner, and opened a nasty fight;
The great big guns war a-boomin', an' the shot flyin' thick and fast,
An' troops all over the southland were rapidly being massed;
An' a thrill went through the nation, a fear that our glorious land
Might be split, divided an' ruined by mistaken brother's hand.

Lord! but wa'n't there excitement an' didn't the boys' eyes flash!
An' didn't we cuss our brothers for being so foolish and rash!
An' didn't we raise the neighbors with loud an' continued cheers
When ol' Abe sent out that dockument a callin' for volunteers!
An' didn't we flock to the standard when the drums began to beat—
An' didn't we march with strong, proud step along the village street!
An' didn't the people cheer us when we got aboard the cars,
With the flag a wavin' o'er us, and we went away to the wars!

I'll never forget your grandma as she stood outside o' the train,
Her face as white as a snowdrift, her tears a-fallin' like rain—
She stood there quiet and deathlike, 'mid all o' the rush and noise,
For the war were a-takin' from her, her husband and three brave boys—
Bill, Charley and little Tommy—just turned eighteen, but as true
An' gallant a little soldier as ever wore the blue;
It seemed almost like murder for to tear her poor heart so,
But your grandad couldn't stay, baby, an' the boys war determined to go.

The evenin' afore we started she called the boys to her side,
An' told 'em as how they war always their mother's joy an' pride;
An' though her soul was in torture, an' her poor heart bleedin' an' sore,
An' though she needed her darlings, the country needed 'em more.
She told 'em to do their duty, wherever their feet might roam,
An' to never forget in battle their mother war prayin' at home;
An' if (an' the tears nigh choked her) they should fall in front o' the foe,
She'd go to her blessed Savior an' ax Him to lighten the blow

Bill lays an' awaits the summons 'neath Spottsylvania's sod,
An' on the field of Antietam Charley's spirit went back to God:
An' Tommy, our baby Tommy, we buried one starlit night
Along with his fallen comrades, just after the Wilderness fight.
The lightnin' struck our family tree, an' stripped it of every limb,
A-leavin' only this bare old trunk, a-standin' alone an' grim.
My boy, that's why your grandma, when you kneel to the God you love,
Makes you ax Him to watch your uncles, an' make 'em happy above.

That's why you sometimes see her with tear-drops in her eyes;
That's why you sometimes catch her a tryin' to hide her sigh;
That's why at our great reunions she looks so solemn and sad;
That's why her heart seems a-breakin' when the boys are jolly and glad;
That's why you sometimes find her in the bedroom overhead,
Down on her knees a prayin', with their pictures laid out on the bed;
That's why the old-time brightness will light up her face no more,
Till she meets her hero warriors in the camp on the other shore.

An' when the great war was over, back came the veterans true,
With not one star a-missin' from that azure field of blue;
An' the boys, who on field o' battle had stood the fiery test,
Formed posts o' the Great Army in the North, South, East an' West.
Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty is the motto 'neath which they train—
Their object to care for the helpless, an' banish sorrow an' pain
From the homes o' the widows an' orphans o' the boys who have gone before
To answer their name at roll-call, in God's Grand Army Corps.

An' that's why we wear these badges, the eagle, an' flag an' star,
Worn only by veteran heroes who fought in that bloody war;
An' that's why my old eyes glisten while talking about the fray,
An' that's why I call men "comrade" when I meet 'em every day;
An' that's why I tell your grandma, "I'm going to post to-night"
For there's where I meet the old boys who stood with me in the fight.
And, my child, that's why I've taught you to love an' revere these men
Who come here a-wearin' badges, to fight their battles again.

For they are gallant heroes who stood 'mid shot an' shell,
An' follered those flying colors right into the mouth o' hell;
They are the men whose valor saved this land from disgrace an' shame,
An' lifted her back in triumph to her perch on the dome o' fame;
An' as long as you live, my darling, till your lips in death are mute,
When you see that badge on a bosom, take off your hat an' salute;
An' if any ol' vet should halt you, an' question why you do,
Just tell him you've got a right to, for your grandad's a comrade, too.

IF I BUT COULD.

"Captain Jack" Crawford in Central Magazine.

Recently "Captain Jack" Crawford, the Poet Scout, had the peculiar duty of introducing the mayor of Chicago to the waifs and newsboys of that big city. It was on the occasion of the dinner that charity had provided for these little waifs, and it remained for the Poet Scout to quell the uproar which the youngsters were making, long enough to make them listen to the Mayor.

After he had left this scene, with its pictures of ragged little ones almost fighting for food, hiding some of it to give to others, and ravenously devouring all they could, Captain Jack was touched by the sorrow of it all, and wrote the following verses:

Orphans were most of them —
Oh! such a host of them,
Wretched and glad

If I could clothe each jeweled thought
That comes to me in Nature's bowers,
In classic language such as taught
Away from Western woods and flowers, —
If I could sing the sweet refrains
That in my soul in silence cluster,
From many a heart I'd strike the chains,
And give the star of hope new luster.

If I could scatter all the gems
That light my soul in darkened places,
Could pluck the hope-buds from their stems
And wreath them o'er despondent faces:
If I had but the power to stay
The blighting hand of pain and sorrow,
The human flowers that wilt to-day,
Would raise their heads and bloom to morrow.

If from the master hand above
To me the longed-for power were given
To change all bitterness to love,
Of every earthly hell make heaven,
The lowering clouds would quickly flee
Before the light that followed after,
And every wave of life's broad sea,
Would gleam with Love and Song and Laughter.

THE POET SCOUT

To Miss Helen Gould

And yet before my eyes had closed
That night when thus I bared my soul,
And ere my wandering senses dozed,
I felt the tepid tear-drops roll
Adown my cheeks, because I knew
That I was but a wayward stray,
Heart sore, because I could not do—
Yet hoping that I could some day.

And wisely thus the Master ruled
Between us bits of mortal clay:
He gave to you, sweet Helen Gould,
The will, and with it seemed to stay
The blighting hand. Ah, God is good;
I caught a glimpse of Heaven's scroll
The night I wrote "If I But Could,"
And joy bucked in my broncho soul.

My wild Pegasus broken in,
Mid scenes of bitterness and woe,
Was lean, and lank, was starved and thin,
But blood was blue and all aglow
With God's aristocratic fire—
The only aristocracy
The kind true, noble men desire,
The only emblem of the free.

Inspired by such a thought, I dare
Assert that I am rich indeed,
Nor would I change with millionaire
Whose God is Gold, whose soul is Greed;
I'd rather have a Mother's smile
Than winning hand at Plutarch's euchre
That robs the man who knows no guile,
And murders innocence for lucre.

But few the years to come and go,
And you and I will sleep apart;
I, where the thorny cacti grow,
You, where the flowers will crown your heart;
Loved ones will deck your sacred tomb,
And thank the Christ, the master who
Sent such a woman flower to bloom,
With wealth of love and gold to do.

To May Cody Bradford

[President, Crittenton Home, Denver, Col.]

May Cody Bradford, you and I
 Are poor in purse, and yet I ween,
If Christ should come again to die
 For us and save a Magdalene,
His kindly eyes would rest on you.
 Because you follow in his wake,
By saving fallen women too;
 Then keep right on, for Jesus' sake.

And if I ever strike it rich,
 Before I hit the gates ajar,
I'll help you if I have to hitch
 My wild Pegasus to a star.

THE FIRST FLOWER OF MAY.

In May, 1876, a band of Sioux drove off fourteen head of our horses, and after two days' chase we regained seven of them; but, owing to the Indians having a change of horses, we failed to secure any scalps. On the first evening, after a hard day's ride, we camped in a pleasant valley near a cooling spring of water. Frank Smith (Antelope Frank, as we called him) and myself had ridden about three miles further, in hopes of getting a sight of the Indian camp, and it was on our return to the valley mentioned above, and a venison supper, that we laid down to rest under a spreading pine, when the incidents occurred which called forth the following verses:

A Daisy! the first I had seen in the spring
 Was peeping from under the sod;
The air was so chilly, the wind was so cold
 That I fear'd the fair daisy had made rather bold
To ascend from the earth's warmer clod.
 Just then a fair skylark flew heavenward to sing
Sweet anthems, in praise to his God.

How sweet to the traveler those soul-stirring notes,
 When weary with riding all day!
Indeed, it was joy to my comrade and me—
 The lark in the sky, and the flower on the lea,
And our weariness soon passed away.
 That night round the camp-fire we tuned up our throats,
And sang of the first flower of May.

LITTLE ONES PRAYING AT HOME.

A SONG.

On the fifteenth of September, 1880, I was camped at Lake Goozman, "*Laguna de Goozman,*" in the State of Chihuahua, Old Mexico. I had been sent out by General Buell, with two companions, to find the camp of the hostile chief, Victorio, with the view of meeting him, and if possible, of inducing him to return to the Reservation. While reading a letter from my wife, the following line appeared: "Remember, my dear boy, *you have little ones praying at home.*" As this was one of the most dangerous, as well as the most tiresome, trips I ever made, these lines were very suggestive; and there, by the beautiful lake and by the light of the moon, I wrote the following song:

THERE are little ones praying for me far away,
 There are little ones praying for me;
With tiny hands pressed before each little breast,
 Their sweet faces in dreamland I see.
"Bless papa, dear Father, where'er he may go,
 And where duty may call him to roam;
Through the hills or the valleys of Old Mexico,
 Watch over and bring him safe home."

Chorus

So to-night I am happy in Old Mexico,
 While I sit in the moonlight alone;
For surely 'tis pleasant to feel and to know
 There are little ones praying at home.

I know not what moment my spirit may fly
 To that land where dear mother has gone;
But oh, if I knew on that bosom so true
 I might rest on the morrow at dawn,
I would willingly go, never more to return,
 Never more through these wild lands to roam;
But sweet little voices seem whispering to-night,
 "You have little ones praying at home."

Chorus.

The moon in her splendor is shining to-night,
By her beams I am writing just now,
While an angel of love seems to smile from above
With the bright star of hope on her brow;
And whisper in language so sweet to my soul,
"I am with you wherever you roam;
And remember when weary and foot-sore at night,
You have little ones praying at home."

Chorus.

THE TRUE STORY OF MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

We never found a chicken that could roost out of our reach,
We seldom had a chaplain that could find the time to preach.
We never saw a soldier pass a shirt hung out to bleach,
As we went marching through Georgia.

Oh, how we used to toil along right through the swamps and bogs,
And how the ladies blushed at our dilapidated togs.
And how we showed our bravery assassinating hogs,
As we went marching through Georgia.

When charging on a chicken roost, the rebel girls cried "Shame!"
And said our actions would disgrace the soldiers' honored name.
They came at us with clubs and dogs, but we got there just the same,
As we went marching through Georgia,

When coming in from foraging sometimes we would get caught,
The colonel then would paw the ground and swear he'd have us shot,
And then he'd eye our captured fowls and fine us half we got,
As we went marching through Georgia.

When ordered up some earthwork, or some battery to take,
I've seen some heavy charges, that caused the earth to quake,
They were nothing to the charges the sutlers used to make,
As we were marching through Georgia.



MAY CRAWFORD BELL

Born May 18, 1889, at Sigourney, Iowa, was named after the Poet Scout and his youngest daughter, May.

TO MAY CRAWFORD BELL.

Dear May, with the New Year's gladness,
Comes a voice on the gentle swell
Of the moaning breeze
Through the leafless trees,
From a dear, sweet prairie Bell.
'Tis a voice with the old time music
That echoes a glad refrain,
Bringing "love from Dad,"
And it makes me glad
We are chums and pards again.

And despite the fact it is winter,
And the woods and the hills are gray,
My heart is thrilled,
And warmed, and filled
With a love for you, Sweet May.
And I only want to be worthy
Of the love you have for me:
And I'll kiss you, sweet,
If we ever meet
In Nineteen Hundred and Three.

So here's to my little namesake,
My dear little Iowa Bell.
May she grow in grace,
May she take her place
Where the best and the purest dwell.
And, May, when you choose a partner,
I would merely suggest to you,
If he's SURE DEAD STUCK,
You will sure have luck
IF HE'S STUCK ON HIMSELF SOME, TOO.

Lovingly your namesake,

—J. W. CRAWFORD,
(Capt. Jack.)

New York, January 1st, 1903.

SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

(Written for the New York Clipper.)

Come, mother, put your knittin' down; you've done enough to-night;
It isn't good for them old eyes to work by candlelight.
They ain't as flashy as they was some thirty years ago,
When at the old red meetin' house I first became your beau.
The big pertracted meetin' was a runnin' at the time,
An' Preacher Giles' sermons jist a makin' sinners climb;
The mourners' benches wouldn't hold the crowds that forward went
To seek salvation from the Lord and o'er their sins lament.

Up in the "amen corner" you would always take your seat,
An' jine in with the singin' in a voice so master sweet
That of'entimes I've shet my eyes, and half imagined you
War act'ally an angel sent to help the meetin' through.
I vum, but how "Amazin' Grace" a rollin' from your lips
Would make me feel like I war 'witched, cl'ar to the finger tips.
An' "Sinner Turn, Why Will Ye Die," you sung so feelin'ly,
I swow it made me think you sung especially at me.

I reckon for a dozen nights I sot back near the door,
An' when the benediction come I'd sweat from every pore,
Because I had determined fur to offer you my arm,
An' ax if I might see you home, acrost your father's farm;
But when I'd take my place in line outside the little church
An' see you comin' through the door, my heart 'd give a lurch,
An' thar' I'd stand dumb as a fool, an' swaller at the chokes,
Till you war half way down the lane along with all your folks.

I swan to goodness, mother, if it doesn't make me laugh
To think o' me a standin' thar', a great big bashful calf,
Without a spark o courage fur to make a move, although
I didn't think you'd sack me, fur you had no other beau.
But one night, I remember, I war sittin' in the rear,
When Cyrus Hawkins nudged my arm, an' whispered in my ear;
"Jist watch me w'en the meetin's out an' you will see a sight—
I'm goin' to ax Jane Hall if I can beau her home to-night."

Jemina crickets! but the words jist cut me like a dart,
An' it war all that I could do to swaller down my heart;
An' then an' there I silent vowed that I would be a lout
To let that slouchy, freckled fool step in an' cut me out.

So when the old doxology were being sung, I crep'
Outside ahead of all the rest an' stood up on the step.
An' when I staggered up to you, a wobblin' in the knees,
You tuk my arm an' off we went as cosy as you please.

Do you remember, mother, how I never spoke a word
Till we war nearly half-way home? I swow it was absurd
But then I'd never had a gal hitched to me that a way
And I'll be blest if I could think of anything to say.
'Twar you as broke the solitude, an' tried to start the talk,
Observin' 'twar a lovely night, an' splendid fur a walk,
An' if my memory sarves me right my 'tarnal bashfulness
Condensed my answer to a sort o' whispered, half skeered 'yes."

Well, mother, 'twar a funny start, but bless the Lord above,
It ended in a double case of unresistful love—
When we got more acquainted I expect I talked as good
As any love-sick country boy in our whole neighborhood.
An' arter the revival broke I didn't stand no more
An' wait fur you, proud as a king, outside the church's door;
But then that didn't break us off, not by a plaguey sight,
Because I went a courtin' you most every Sunday night.

An', mother, do you mind that blessed day in early Spring,
When the bees begun to hum around an' birds begun to sing?
I found you in the pastur' lot a milkin' an' I told
The story of the burnin' love that in my bosom rolled.
Jee-whiz! but how the milk did fly; you squeezed so 'tarnal hard
The heifer kicked the bucket nearly half acrost the yard,
An' when I fetched it back agin an' tuk you by the hand,
Your look made the happiest man in all this Yankee land.

Fur thirty years we have jogged along the rugged road of life,
An', mother, you have been to me a true and noble wife—
Our old revival meetin' love haint flickered out a bit,
An' though we're gettin' old an' gray, we're them same lovers yit.
Your kisses now are just as sweet, an' full of heavenly dew,
As them you give me at the gate when I war courtin' you;
An' we will still be lovers when I clasp you to my breast.
"Whar' the wicked cease from troublin', an' the weary are at rest.'

A COUNTRY COMRADE.

VISITS GEO. H. THOMAS POST AND THE WOLD'S FAIR 1903.

Hello! wife, how do you do? I'm back again, you see,
An' jest as plumb played out an' tired as ever I kin be—
I'm gittin' jest a trifle old fur sich a trip, I guess,
But then I'm more than paid fur all my wearisome distress.
I seed the Fair in all its parts, an' wife I want to say
That all the wonders there cooped up jes tuk my breath away
From morn till night fur two hull weeks I trampt it up an' down
An' in the evenin's sorter viewed the wonders of the town.

Chicago's quite a hefty place, much bigger than I thought,
An' roamin' up an' down the streets jest kep' me on the trot,
Fur every tarnal step I tuk I'd run on somethin' new,
Placed in the 'lectric winders fur the country jays to view.
I never struck the boardin' house, a night while I was there
Till somethin' arter twelve o'clock, an' then my legs, I swear,
Seemed jest like two long streaks o' pain that to me was attached
A sort o' hurtin' of a race, an' mighty even matched.

I got blamed close to heaven, wife—if fur a year you' try
You couldn't guess what 'twas that tuk me up so awful high.
The Ferris wheel? not much it wa'n't—with all its tow'rn height
'T'd scurcely make a front door step to where I went one night.
No, nor it wasn't a balloon, nor yet a flyin' ship—
The latter has indefinite postponed its trial trip—
Don't chafe you brain a guessin', fur its jest a waste o' time,
An' I will tell you how I come to make the heavenward climb.

While a takin' in the city an' a roamin' 'round one night,
I come acrost a buildin' that run clean up out o' sight.
One end was anchored to the ground, an' up it shot so high
It seemed to be a pillar fur to help hold up the sky.
I had this button on my coat, an' while a standin' there
A lookin' upward with a sort o' country greenhorn stare,
A well-dressed feller grabbed my hand oncomfortably tight,
An' said "Ol' comrade, howdy do? Come up to post tonight."

It sort o' seemed remarkable that sich a man as he,
Dressed up jest like a general, 'd notice sich as me,
But when I looked into his face and saw his smile so frank,
I knowed ol' war fraternity meant more to him than rank.

We tuk an elevator an' we started for the top.
An' wife, I thought the 'tarnal thing was never goin' to stop,
We went jest like a rocket cl'ar to the eighteenth story—
In jest another minute we'd 'a hit the gates of glory.

Jerusalem my happy home, it made me bat my eyes
To see the grandeur o' that place up there so near the skies.
It seemed jest like the temple that the Bible tells about,
On which King Sol blowed in his pile afore his light went out.
The hall and all the ante rooms war' fit for any king
Of ol'-time oriental days o' which the poets sing.
It seemed jest like I'd died an' woke up in the heavenly birth.
An' made me feel ashamed of our post room down here on earth.

But when the boys begin to come afore the post begun,
That grandeur seemed to fade away as frost beneath the sun.
A brightness never made by hands jes pushed it out of place—
The light o' comrade love that shone in each ol' vet'ran's face.
The warm, magnetic clasp o' hands that only comrades know,
The smiles that supersede the battle-fire o' long ago,
The flames o' friendship burning there, so close to heaven's dome,
I felt in jest no time at all that I war' right at home.

The regular proceedin's moved along in usual form,
With just enough old soldier fun slung in to keep 'em warm,
The sick an' the afflicted an' the dear ones o' the dead,
Were looked to in a way that made my eyes swim in my head.
An' when that sacred duty was performed in proper way,
The ol' stiff-j'inted comrades seemed to git oncommon gay,
An' song an' jokes an' story, and the most sharp p'inted wit,
Put the cap-sheaf on a meeting that I never kin forgit.

It showed me this: go where you will through all our rescued land,
In little country villages or in the cities grand,
That be the comrades low in life, a struggling for a crust,
Or be they princes in their wealth, high in the people's trust,
A golden chain unites their hearts, a chain that brighter grows
As this long weary march of life draws nearer to its close,
A friendship time can never dim, an' when life's bonds are riven
'Twill glow with added lustre in the final camp in heaven.


CAPT
JACK CRAWFORD
THE
POET SCOUT

LABOR'S MEMORIAL NIGHT.

To The Hearts of Butte

Butte, Montana, Oct. 1, 1902.

O, manly men and women, too,
Dame Fortune has been kind to you,
Your Miners' Union, stronger far
Than "Baer" and all his dogs of war
Demands and gets an honest deal,
Has wealth in store for woe or weal,—
And while I make this plea to you,
O, manly men and women true,
Deny me not, come out tonight,
And let me look on faces bright.

Aglow with God's best attribute,
Sweet Charity, for here in Butte
No honest cause may ask in vain,
Then come, in sunshine or rain,
And while you drink from Nature's fount
My wild pegasus I shall mount
And canter till your souls have joy,
Just for tonight, once more a boy,
Back to my Schuylkill boyhood's home
I find beneath God's spangled dome
My brothers crushed by selfish trust,
My sisters begging for a crust.

From you whose rights none dare dispute,
From you, O, brothers mine, in Butte,
You will respond, ah, yes, I know,
For you must feel this tender glow
Of sympathy that lights my soul,
That makes the tear drops start and roll
Adown my cheeks, ah, God, if I
Could only do, I'd gladly die,
If, dying, I could proudly say
All tyranny has passed away.

THE MAN WITH THE PICK AND THE DRILL

Read at the Mining Congress and dedicated, "The Butte Miners' Union," Sept. 2, 1902, by "The Poet Scout."

I love the man with the pick and drill
A courage that knows no fear;
That hero bold, in search of gold,
With the hope-star ever near,
To see him climb the mountains high
And dig in the deepest dell,
Inspires me through with a love so true
That I want to whoop and yell.

I love the man with the pick and gun,
The real old pioneer,
Who lived on greens and toothsome beans,
And the lordly elk and deer;
The man who followed the empire's star
On its onward western flight;
Who never flagged and never lagged,
And slept with his gun at night.

I love the man who is greater far
Than the ten-times millionaire
Whose millions are the fruits of war
And a monument of despair;
Who schemes to rob his fellowmen,
Legitimately unjust,
And then cahoots with his chum cahoots
To form an ungodly trust.

I love the man who strikes it rich
After toiling many years;
His wealth is clean as a sunny beam
And unstained by blood and tears;
He wrongs no man; old Mother Earth
Surrenders to her kings
From out her hold of precious gold,
And God and nature sings.

I love the kings of Mother Earth,
Uncrowned though they may be;
And manly men in gulch and glen
Who died for you and me,
Are wearing brighter laurels now
Than all the titled peers
Of wealth and state, however great,
Whose riches came with tears.

AN ATTRIBUTE TO FRIENDSHIP.

The following lines were presented to Wm. A. Bell, written by Capt. Jack Crawford the Poet Scout, who had seen and taken a fancy to the fine exhibition wagon of Wm. A. Bell that was lost in the burning of the main building of the New Era Exposition at St. Joseph, Mo., in September 1889. The only article saved of the hundreds of valuable relics being the La Fayette carriage which was built in Balti-



WM. A. BELL

more, in the year 1822, by John Corlot, to the order of the United States Government, for the personal use of Gen. Marquis de La Fayette, and was used by him in his memorable drive of 285 miles from Albany to Buffalo, in 1824, at the time of the celebration attending the opening of the Erie Canal. This grand old carriage

was saved by Capt. Jack Crawford and a band of Apache Indians which he had on exhibition at the exposition.

TO WM. A. BELL:

My friend here's a tribute of friendship.
Though bare of the polish of art.
An unworthy token yet offered
From out of the depths of my heart;
To gentleman born and a worker,
Whom workers can best understand,
The crudest bouquet but I fling it,
As free as a kiss from the hand,
And though you have lost the best wagon
I ever saw wrapped up in tires,
I know you will get up another
In spite of disastrous fires.

St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 21, 1889.

BABY BESSIE; OR THE HEAVENLY TELEPHONE.

In one short week our Bessie lay upon her dying bed,
And every heart seemed breaking as in feeble tones she said:
"I'm going up to heaven, where the little angels play,
And I will be an angel, too, if I can find the way,
But, mamma, dear, I'm 'fraid I'll be so lonesome when I go,
Because I'm not acquainted with a soul up there you know;
But if you kneel down by my bed I'll try real hard to wait
Until you telephone to God to meet me at the gate."

The baby's wished-for message from a bleeding heart was sent.
And then her spotless spirit to the heavenly mansions went,
There at the pearly gates I know the loving Master stood,
To welcome her with gentle smile, as she hoped he would.
Her prattling voice forever will linger in my ear,
And when I miss her toddling step and all seems dark and drear,
I seek the quiet church yard, where we laid her 'neath the sod,
And kneeling by her little grave, I telephone to God.

No, no, I'm obleeged to you, Colonel, I'm
obleeged, but I beg to decline—
I'll take a cigar to be social, but none o' that
whiskey in mine.
I used to drink just as you say, sir. You're
worth in the millions, I'm told,
But I wouldn't taste one drop o' liquor fur
fifty times all o' your gold.
Well, Colonel, I'll tell ye the story. Thar's
a angel o' mine up in Heaven,
The Lord come an' tuk her away, sir, when
she was jest turnin' o' seven;
Death's hand couldn't brush from her feat-
ures the sweet smile o' pleasure they
wore,
Fur my last words to her war' a promise
that I wouldn't drink any more.

I'll tell you just how it come 'round, sir, if
you got inclination to hear,
An' as thar's no one 'yar to listen, I guess
the barkeeper won't keer.
As you said w'en you axed me to join you,
I used to drink lots o' the stuff—
That drink you've got poured in your tum-
bler 'd scarcely afford me a snuff.
Don't see how I ever begun it, fur my home
never echoed a sigh,
My wife war' a sunshiny creature an' as
pure as the angels on high,
An' when, in the goodness o' Heaven, a baby
come into our love,
Thar' wasn't two happier people this side
o' the kingdom above.

How I labored an' toiled fur my dear ones,
'way down in the depths o' the mine,
Fur my heart felt their pure love a-clingin'
as the oak feels the beautiful vine;
An' the sound o' my pick war' sweet music,
as it stabbed in the breast o' the ore,
Fur I knowed that as long as I swung it, the
wolf 'd keep 'way from our door.
W'at a joy to go home in the evenin', fur
thar' was my little wife, Kate,
A-waitin' to bid me a welcome with a smile
an' a kiss at the gate,
An' the baby a-crowin' an' jumpin', its eyes
jest a-dancin' with glee,
Seemed all she could do fur to hold it, 'twar'
so anxious to git holt o' me.

You remember the strike in the Monarch?
Oh, yes, you war' President then:
The rules o' the union compelled me to quit
with the rest o' the men,
An' through the long weeks we war' idle,
the little I'd hoarded ahead
Got down to the very last penny supplyin
my dear ones with bread.
Kate seemed to be worried an' anxious, the
bloom faded out o her face,
An' even the baby seemed knowin' that
somethin' had shook out o' place,
An' clouds come to darken the sunshine o'
the home that we both loved so well—
An' thar' the road forked fur me, Colonel,
an' I tuck the one leadin' to hell.

I war' weak as a child, I confess it—confess
it with penitent shame.
The future looked dark an' I weakened w'en
I'd ort to 'a showed I war' game.
W'en the other men seemed to be joyous
with the drink that war' always on tap,
I nosed for a time 'round the bait, sir—then
found myself fast in the trap.
I reasoned as fools always reason, that w'en
the mines started once more,
'T'd be easy to conquer the drinkin', an' be
jest as straight as before,
But I knew not the power o' the serpent
that 'round me had gathered its coil,
Fur at last w'en the whistle war' sounded
I cared more fur drink than fur toil.

I kep' gittin' lower an' lower as a slave to
the demon o' rum,
Till I stood in the eyes o' the people as a
sort of a no-account bum.
I'd work to git money fur whiskey, jest
work fur a day now an' then,
Not heedin' the anguish o' Katie, an' scornin'
advice from the men.
My little wife never rebuked me, but she'd
talk o' the beautiful past,
An' said she'd keep hopin' and prayin' the
horrible dream wouldn't last.
An' some day my eyes'd be opened, for God
must be hearin' her prayers,
An' I'd throttle the fiend that had wrecked
me, an' sunshine 'd dry up her tears.

I want to say this to you, Colonel, it's a
sort o' bright spot in my mind,
I never raised hand to my Katie, nor spoke
to her harsh or unkind,
An' Midget, our little girl baby, war' always
a treasure to me—
She never shrunk from me nor feared me,
no matter how drunk I might be.
I somehow jest seemed to neglect 'em, an'
didn't pervide fur 'em right,
But spent all my time in the rumshops ca-
rousin' by day an' by night,
An' I felt not a sting in my consience w'en
the fact found a place in my head
That Katie war' takin' in washin' an' sewin'
to keep us in bread.

You've heard o' the old an' true sayin' that
the gloomiest part o' the night
Is just in advance o' the breakin' o' day with
its heavenly light.
An' that's how it happened to me, sir, fur
the dawnin' o' reason's clear day
In a cold cloud o' death war' enveloped—
our baby war' taken away.
I'd come from the rumshop as usual, an'
stupidly staggered along
In the dark, early hours o' the mornin', a-
singin' a bit of a song,
W'en, drunk though I was, it surprised me
a light in the window to see,
Fur Katie had quit her old habit o' settin'
up waitin' fur me.

A feelin' somehow come upon me that
somethin' at home wasn't right,
A sort of a dread premonition come to me
from that distant light,
An' quicker my footsteps I hurried, an'
deeper the dread seemed to fall,
Till I felt that a cloud hung above me as
dark as a funeral pall.
An' w'en through the doorway I entered,
an' saw Katie's white, deathly cheek,
An' saw that her grief war' so heavy that
never a word could she speak,
An' saw the pale face of our baby to her
motherly breast closely held,
It sobered me up just as quickly as a cloud
by the wind is dispelled.

I saw by the sweet baby features that she
war' encompassed by death;
My heart seemed to cease its pulsations as I
noted her quick, painful breath,
An' w'en in my own arms I took her, my
lips with keen agony dumb,
She smiled as she wearily murmured: "Oh,
papa, I'm glad you have come;
I'm going up yonder to Heaven, to live in
the beautiful sky
An' I was so 'fraid God 'd take me before I
could kiss you good-by;
I prayed, oh, so hard, for your coming, for
I wanted to tell you I'd wait,
With a hug an' a whole lot o' kisses, for you
an' mamma at the gate.

"You'll be good, won't you, papa, an' meet
me with the old smile your face used
to wear?
I know, oh, so sure, you'll come to me, fur
mamma says God answers prayer;
An' she prays every night that the Saviour
'll love you an' make you just like
The papa that used to come to us before
the great, terrible strike.
An' I know that He will if you'll let Him,
fur mamma taught me to pray too,
An' I knelt by her side every evenin' an'
whispered to God about you,
An' told Him how much we both loved
you, in spite o' that terrible drink;
You could never get bad enough, papa, but
what we would love you, I think.

"An' so, when you come, you will find me
right near the gate waiting for you—
But you mustn't be drinking, dear papa, fur
they won't let you in if you do—
Just come like you used to come to us, with
the same lovely smile on your face,
An' I'll be just the happiest angel in all o'
that beautiful place."
I pressed her close up to me, Colonel, an'
thar', as she hung on death's brink,
I promised both her an' my Katie I'd taken
my very last drink;

An' a smile like the radiance o' Heaven the
pain on her face seemed to hide,
An' that smile was yet there in its beauty
an' heavenly light w'en she died.

An' that's how it all come around, sir, an'
that's why I answered so bold
That I wouldn't taste one drop o' liquor tho'
I'm taking bichloride of gold.
Take your drink, now, fur I must be goin',
fur I know that my bonnie wee Kate
Has our supper all hot an' is waitin' with a
welcomin' smile at the gate.

* * * * * * *

The Colonel was deeply affected, his emo-
tion he scarce could command,
And his eyes seemed to sparkle with mois-
ture as he reached for the miner's rough
hand;
Then he looked at his glass for a moment,
and said to the man at the bar:
"It's too hot to-day to drink whiskey; just
hand me a medium cigar."

DOT LITTLE CRIPPLED BOY VAT DIED.

An old German Cobbler in the coal fields griev-
ing over the death of a little orphan cripple
boy to whom he became very much attached.

I dond vas feelin' good von bit,
A great big lump vas in my neck,
Und ven I try to svaller it,
It seems yust like my heart would break;
Sometimes my eyes vas like a spoud
Mit tears I somehow dond could hide,
Und I yust sit and fret abond
Dot little cripple boy vat died.

He used to come my shoeshop in
Und vatch me ven I drive dem pegs.
Und it yust make my heart ache ven
I see dem little crippled legs.
But he vas always schmilin' mit
Dem big blue eyes so open vide,
Und nefer mind dot pain von bit,
Dot little crippled boy vat died.

I tol' 'im Deutschland stories, und
He laugh yust like dem angel dings
Vat mit der picture books go 'round
Up yonder mit der schnow vite vings;
Und now my eyes vas all in schwim
Mit tear-drops dot I dond could hide,
Because I got some love mit him,
Dot little crippled boy vat died.

Some day he dond vould come, und den
I feel all ofer black mit blue.
Und sighs vould shake my bosom ven
I tried to cobble mit a shoe.
Den I vould go out by my door
Und look aboud mit efery side,
My old heart yust was achin' for
Dot little crippled boy vot died.

Vun time he dond vas come for more
As most a veek—I dond know vy—
Und von day standin' mit my door
I see some funerals go by.
I ask von little bootblack who
In dot vite hearse vas took a ride;
Und he say, "Dutchy, dond you know
Dot little cripple boy vas died?"

It feeled yust like my heart vas sick,
Und neter vant to beat some more,
I glose my shop up pooty quick,
Und hang some black stuff mit der door.
Und den I t'ink "Some day I go
Mit angels by dot udder side,
Und how den vas I goin' to know
Dot little crippled boy vot died?"

Dose little legs vill all be straight
In dot bright land so far away,
Und ven I go in by der gate,
Vere all der little angels blay,
I vonder if I find him oud.
Maybe he run avay und hide;
Vell I dond t'ink I shtay midoud
Dot little cripple boy vot died.

CAPT. JACK in *London Tid-Bits.*

OL' BILL REYNOLDS'S 'DOPTED BOY.

We all looked down on the little cuss
When he come to school with the rest of us,
Just 'cause he war' an adopted boy,
From a orphan 'sylum in Illinoy.
He had no parents, leastwise he said,
Fur all he knowed both on 'em war' dead—
"Died 'fore I was born," he said to me,
W'en I chaffed him about his pedigree.

He didn't seem fur to have a bit
O' fightin' metal or spunky grit,
But tuk our slurs in a quiet way,
An' endured our torments day after day,
Without so much as a sass-back word,
No matter how off'n or hard we spurred;
The butt o' the scholards fur wicked fun
War' Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

He larnt his lessons—the teacher said,
W'en the term war' over he'd be ahead
Of all us scholards sartin an' shore,
If we didn't 'tend to our knittin' more.
An' w'en the examination come,
The Board o' Directors jes' struck us dumb
By givin' the prizes, every one,
To Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

This made us wild, an' we up an' swore
We wouldn't go to that school no more,
Unless the Directors 'd fix it so
That little reperbate couldn't go.
But afore the school tuk up we heard
That Ol' Bill Reynolds somehow perferred
To send him into the city, whar'
A big, hifalutin' academy war'.

He come to Bill's on a visit twice,
Dressed up, an' lookin' uncommon nice,
But never showed up on the village street,
Jes' like he was 'feard of us boys he'd meet.
'T war' a wise perceedin', fur none of us
'D associate with the nameless cuss
That had no pedigree more'n the one
Of Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

It sorter surprised us w'en some one read
A piece in the city paper 'at said
That Honer'ble Senator Blake had set
On him fur a West Point school cadet.
Ol' Bill moved East, an' we never heard
Mongst all us boys not another word,
Till the big Secession war 'd begun,
Of Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

Most of us ol' school fellers went
At the fust break-out o' the devilment,
An' I reckon thar' wasn't a wilder cuss
Than me in that hull rebellion muss.
Dissipatin' an' playin' cards,
The scum o' the rigiment fur my pards—
Never stopped fur a breathin' spell
In my reckless run fur the gates o' hell!

* * * * * * *

It seems like a nightmare, lookin' back—
A gamblin' quarrel—a pistol's crack—
A schoolboy comrade by my hand slain—
A hand impelled by a rum-crazed brain.
The dread court-martial, my quick-drawn breath,
As I heard the words, "To be shot to death!"
The nameless terror that clung to me
As I peered o'er the brink of eternity!

My mother came, with her pale, sad face,
From our village home to my prison place—
Came with the old-time, glad voice hushed—
Came with a heart my hand had crushed,
Kissed and embraced me as of yore,
Called me her darling o'er and o'er,
Humbly knelt by my side and prayed
That the stern hand of justice might be stayed.

Her face reflected her heart's keen pains
As she heard the ring o' my clankin' chains;
Eyes that beamed love in the bygone years
Were dulled with sorrow's most bitter tears.
Her hand on my burnin' head she laid,
An' bade me pray as I never prayed,
As for me with trembling steps she went
With one last hope to the General's tent.

The ensuin' hour seemed a year to me,
As I waited thar' in my misery.
The sentry with sympathetic face
Marched to and fro with a funeral pace.
O'er the face o' the sun thar' crept a cloud,
Filmy an' white as a coffin shroud,
An' a raven on distant wooded slope
Seemed to croak the warnin' : "No hop e
No hope !"

Down through the aisles o' the tented camp
Came a squad of guards with a tramp, tramp,
tramp.
Half dazed I marched 'mid the glistenin'
guns,
Borne proudly by Union's blue-clad sons,
Marched to headquarters an' stood before
The great commander, whose broad brow
wore
Undyin' laurels his skill had won
On a dozen fields 'neath the Southern sun.

My brain war' awhirl ! The events now
seem
As the shadowy memories of a dream ;
The smile o' my mother, sad but sweet,
As she sat on a stool at the General's feet.
I can see the General's courtly grace,
As he raised his eyes to my pallid face—
"My boy, your mother's prayers have won ;
You are pardoned by Reynolds's 'dopted
son !"

A TOAST TO EVA

BEFORE SAILING FOR EUROPE.

I fill my glass to one fair lass,
A sweetheart—not of mine;
A budding rose whose sweets disclose
The fruit of God's sunshine;
A heart all bent on merriment,
A soul without disguise;
A prairie flower with magic power
That sparkles in her eyes.



MRS. EVA L. RECKART.
Capt. Jack Crawford's Daughter.

I fill my glass to one fair lass,
As dear as life to me;
I've heard her sing with birds of spring,
I've danced her on my knee;
I've watched her grow with soul aglow,
The sunshine in her hair;
Though wild and free, I know that she
Remembers me in prayer.

I fill my glass to one fair lass—
Though miles and miles apart,
Her echoing voice makes me rejoice,
And deep within my heart
The music strings, which memory brings
To strike those chords divine,
Will sing and play when far away
Those songs of "Auld lang syne."

I fill my glass, my dear, sweet lass,
With God's and woman's drink,
And fling to you, his daughter true,
This bouquet while I think;
So here's your health, with all the wealth
Of love God gave to me;
And may He smile on you the while
I sail across the sea.

ON YOUR LIFE

There's a halo in the sunset's softened glow;
There's a rainbow in the valley down below;
There's a music in the rippling
Of the crystal waters, tippling
Over rugged rocks a-singing, as they flow
To the ocean, where the winds of summer blow.

There is laughter in the waters of the hills
Where the song-birds pipe the tempo of the rills,
There's a tender, soft caressing,
And the incense of a blessing,
In the sights and sounds where nature's bosom thrills.
Where peace and sweet content each songster trills.

And now to ride Pegasus down to earth,
And ease him with a loosening of the girth;
Has your thrifty old physician
Given you the sweet volition
To stay and die, or seek another berth
Prescribed for you, in short, a mountain hearth?

Have you worked until your soul and body ache?
Have you worried heart and head for duty's sake?
Then take a short vacation
And the world of recreation
You are sure to find, beside some gleaming lake
'Mid the mountains, where the songs the echoes wake.

SLEEP, SOLDIER, SLEEP!

A MEMORIAL DAY HYMN.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! Thy warfare is o'er,
War's dread alarums shall wake thee no more;
Sleep, calmly sleep, 'neath the flowery sod,
Waiting the reveille sounded from God.
Over thy resting-place bright flowers we twine,
Gratitude's emblems on loyalty's shrine;
Fruits of thy valor we gratefully reap:
Union and Liberty, sleep, sleep, sleep!

CHORUS

Beautiful flowers of Spring
Loving hands hither bring,
Sacred thy memory ever we'll keep.
Under the grassy sod,
Waiting the call from God,
Sweetly and peacefully sleep, sleep sleep.

Rest, soldier, rest! Thy peace thou hast earned
On the red fields, where the battle fires burned.
Rest, sweetly rest, for a-weary wert thou
Winning the laurels which circled thy brow.
Soon will the trumpeteer wake thee again,
Sounding "Assembly" on heaven's bright plain;
There with thy comrades in realms of the blest,
Through all eternity, rest, sweet rest.

CHORUS

Beautiful flowers of Spring
Loving hands hither bring.
Sacred thy memory ever we'll keep.
Under the grassy sod,
Waiting the call from God,
Sweetly and peacefully sleep, sleep, sleep.

TO MY WINCHESTER



"SWEETHEART OF MINE."

Sweetheart of mine,
For years thy loyalty has proven true
As is the steel of which thou art created;
There are no fickle vanities in you,
Thy constancy might well be emulated
By beauteous sweetheart of a softer mold,
Whose eyes gleam love on every new adorer,
Who bends the pliant knee to god of gold
And blesses every knight who bows before her
At Cupid's shrine.

My pretty pard,
As loyal helpmate thou hast ever stood
Facing with me the dangers placed before us,
Faithful 'mid trying scenes of war and blood
As when the skies of peace shone clearly o'er us;
'Mid all the trying hours of olden days,
When peril threatened, thou hast never failed me—
Loyal wert thou in many deadly frays,
When painted foemen wickedly assailed me,
And pressed me hard.

Thou art not sweet
In disposition unto all, my dear ;
To some thou art most spiteful in thine anger—
Many have quailed in abject fright to hear
Thy ringing tones in war's resounding clangor.
Although thy face may gleam with polished smiles,
Thou art a spitfire when the scene is fitting,
And gone are all thy sweet coquettish wiles
When foes with mine their battle powers are pitting
In war's mad heat.

I love thee, dear,
And love of loyal man was never placed
Upon a more deserving, true companion,
In western wanderings, when peril faced
Our daily life, on plain, in gloomy canyon.
My trust in thee has never been betrayed,
True as thy tempered steel I've always found thee,
In scenes of danger I was not afraid
Though savage foemen lurked in rocks around me,
For thou wert near.

Come, dear one, fling
Thy moody silence off, and lift thy voice
In song as in the days now gone forever;
For all the dangers past let us rejoice,
I'll beat the time with thy quick-acting lever.
Sing in thy wildest tones, let not a note
Be soft as note from tender woman,
Sing as thou didst when from thy fiery throat
We hurled defiance at a foe inhuman.
Sing, sweetheart, sing.



"SING, SWEETHEART, SING."

The Winchester Rifle is by all odds the best small arm on earth, and always has been since first invented. More than 75 per cent. of the frontiersmen use the Winchester. For rapidity and accuracy it cannot be beaten.

J. W. CRAWFORD (Capt. Jack).

BRONCHO VS. BICYCLE.



"How do you do, General?"

The stranger accepted the extended hand, and smiling, said:

"How are you? But I was not aware of my promotion."

Captain Crawford saw that he had made a mistake, but he made the best of the situation, saying:

"Your face has a strangely familiar look to me. Were you in the volunteer service during the war?"

"Yes. I served in the Ninth Army Corps, in the Army of the Potomac."

"Were you in front of Petersburg during the siege?"

"Yes. I was in command of Fort Hell."

"Do you remember just after the charge on Fort Malnoe, on the second day of April, while riding to the front you met two soldiers carrying a bit of a boy on a stretcher, and—"

"And," interrupted the military gentleman, "a shell tried to bury us somewhat prematurely by casting a lot of the sacred soil of Virginia over us? Yes, I remember it well."

"Well," exclaimed the poet scout, with a tone of joy in his voice, "I am that same boy, sir, and your face has been pictured in my mind ever since that day."

"Good God, can it be possible?"

The next moment the elder man threw his arms around the speaker, and a suspicious moisture filled the eyes of both.

The military gentleman proved to be Colonel Albert A. Pope, renowned for his valor as a soldier, as well as being the manufacturer of the Columbia bicyle.

Some years later, while Captain Crawford was in Boston, he became a guest of Colonel Pope in his beautiful home on Commonwealth Avenue. One day, Colonel Pope asked the poet scout to write something which he could read at a reception to be given by the Bicycle Club, at which Tom Stevens, the famous bicyclist, who made a tour of the world on his wheel, was to be present.

"Write something about a bicycle, Crawford," said Colonel Pope.

"Why, Colonel," replied Captain Jack, "I know nothing of those crooked tail affairs." (The large wheels only were then in use.) "Now, if a broncho were given me, I might squeeze some inspiration from it, for that is a critter I am familiar with."

"Write something about a broncho—and a bicycle, then. The broncho inspiration may cover both steeds."

Captain Jack forthwith prepared a poem, "Broncho vs. Bicycle," and read it at the dinner, to the intense amusement of every one present, especially Tom Stevens and Colonel Pope. The poem which is here given, tells the story in the vernacular of the rough cowboy of the Southwest. The last verse has just been added [THE EDITOR]—*Western Magazine.*

The first we saw of the high-tone tramp
War over thar' at our Pecos camp;
He war comin down the Santa Fé trail
Astride of a wheel with a crooked tail,
A-skinnin' along with a merry song,
An' ringin' a little warnin' gong.
He looked so outlandish, strange and queer
That all of us grinned from ear to ear,
An' every boy on the round-up swore
He had never seed sich a hoss afore.

Wal, up he rode, with a sunshine smile,
A-smokin' a cigarette, an' I'll
Be kicked in the neck if I ever seen
Sich a saddle as that on his queer ma-
chine.
Why, it made us laugh, for it wasn't half
Big enough for the back of a suckin' calf.
He tuk our fun in a keerless way,
A-venturin' only once to say
Thar wasn't a broncho about the place
Could down that wheel in a ten-mile race.

I'd a lightnin' broncho out in the herd
That could split the air like a flyin' bird,
An' I hinted round in an off-hand way
That, pervidin' the enterprise 'd pay,
I thought as I might jest happen to light
On a hoss that'd leave 'im out o' sight.
In less'n a second we seed 'im yank
A roll o' greenbacks out of his flank,
An' he said, if we wanted to bet, to name
The limit, an' he would tackle the game.

Just a week afore we had all been down
On a jamboree to the nearest town,
An' the whiskey joints, an' the faro games,
An' shakin' our hoofs wi' the dance-house
dames
Made a wholesale bust; an', pard, I'll be
cussed
If a man in the outfit had any dust;
An' so I explained, but the youth replied
That he'd lay the money matter aside.

An' to show that his back didn't grow no
moss,
He'd bet his machine agin my hoss.
I tuk him up, and the bet war closed,
An' me a-chucklin', fur I supposed
I war playin' in dead sure winnin' luck,
In the softest snap I had ever struck;
An' the boys chipped in with a knowin
grin,
For they thought the fool had no chance to
win.

An' so we agreed fur to run that day
To the Navajo Crossin' ten miles away—
As han'some a track as ever you seed
For testin' a hoss's purtiest speed.
Apache Johnson and Texas Ned
Saddled their horses and rode ahead
To station themselves ten miles away,
To act as judges and see fair play,
While Mexican Bart and Big Jim Hart
Stayed back for to give us an even start.

I got aboard of my broncho bird,
An' we came to the scratch an' got the word.
An' I laughed till my mouth spread from ear to ear
To see that tenderfoot drop to the rear.

The first three miles slipped away first-rate,
Then broncho began fur to lose his gait;
But I wa'n't oneasy, an' didn't mind,
With tenderfoot more'n a mile behind.
So I jogged along, with a cowboy song,
Till all of a suddent I heard that gong
A-ringin' a warnin' in my ear,
Ting! Ting! Ting! Ting! too infernal near,
An' lookin' back'ards I seed the chump
Of a tenderfoot gainin' every jump.

I hit ol' broncho a cut wi' the quirt,
An' once more got him to scratchin' dirt,
But his wind seemed weak, an' I tell you, boss,
I seed that he wasn't no ten-mile hoss.
Still the plucky brute took another shoot.
An' pulled away from the wheel galoot.
But the animal couldn't hold his gait,
An' somehow the idee entered my pate
That if tenderfoot's legs didn't lose their grip
He'd own that hoss at the end o' the trip.

Closer and closer come tenderfoot,
An' harder the whip to the hoss I put;
But the Eastern cuss, with a smile on his face,
Ran up to my side with his easy pace—
Rode up to my side, an', durn his hide,
Remarked 'twar a pleasant day fur a ride;
Then axed, onconsarned, if I had a match,
An' on his breeches give it a scratch,
Lit a cigarette, said he wished me good day,
An', as fresh as a daisy, scooted away.

Ahead he went—that infernal gong
A-ringin' "good-by" as he flew along;
An' the smoke of his cigarette came back
Like a vapory snicker along the track.
On an' on he sped, gettin' further ahead,
His feet keepin' up that onceasable tread,
Till he faded away in the distance; an' when
I seed the condemned Eastern rooster again,
He war thar with the boys at the end of the race,
That same keerless, unconsarned smile on his face.

Now, pard, w'en a cowboy gits beat he don't sw'ar,
Nor kick, if the beatin' are done on the squar';
So I tuk that Easterner right by the hand,
An' told him that broncho awaited his brand.
Then I asked 'im his name, and whar from he came,
And how long he'd practised the wheel-rollin' game.
Tom Stevens, he said, war his name, an' he come
From a town they call Bosting, in ol' Yankeedom;
Then he jist paralyzed us by sayin' he'd whirled
That very identical wheel round the world.

Wal, pard, thar's the story o' how that smart chap
Done me up, w'en I thought I had sich a soft snap;
Done me up on a race with remarkable ease,
An' lowered my pride a good many degrees.
Did I give 'im the hoss? W'y, of course I did, boss,
An' I'll tell you it wa'n't no diminutive loss.
He writ me a letter from back in the East,
An' said he'd presented the neat, little beast
To a feller named Pope, who stands at the head
O' the ranch whar the cussed wheel horses ar' bred.

THE POET SCOUT

I've had other letters a-sayin' as how
Them crooked-tail wheels isn't in it, fur now
They're makin' a new-fangled sort of affair
With big rubber tires stuffed with nothing but air—
"Noomatics" they say is their name, an' they lay

Them high-up giraffe machines out o' the way;
An' as fur their speed, so the Stevens man writ,
"A streak o' greased lightnin' ain't in it a bit."
Thar's nothin', I'm thinkin', kin foller them things
In the way of surprisin' inventions but wings.



TIME IS CHAINLESS. MARK THE CHANGE.

—J. W. C.

When it is considered that *five magazines* have published this poem—*The Bicycle World* published it twice, *The L. A. W. Bulletin* gave it two pages, and over 100 other publications have printed it—it will readily be seen that it never was intended for an ad. *for* COL. POPE or *his* COLUMBIA. Nor have I ever received a penny for it. No man could sit down and grind out an ad, of this character. I use it in this souvenir because of the great demand for copies of it and because it is good stuff If it pleases you and my friend, the Colonel, so much the better.—CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

I PIN MY LOVE TO AUTUMN

Poets sing about the seasons in the slickest
sort o' rhymes,
An' on the bells of fancy ring a myriad o'
chimes,
An' call upon the Muses fur to send in-
spirin' thoughts
To nerve the fleet Pegasus as along the
course he trots.
But I don't do it that a-way; I jest take up
the pen,
An' squat myself fur business sort of easy
like, an' when
The thoughts come softly oozing from the
fountains o' my brain,
I start 'em coursing o'er the sheet and give
'em easy rein.

An' that's just how I'm doin' this calm
September day,
When the brightness o' the Summer has
begun to pass away,
When the leaves are slowly changin' to the
richest sort o' brown,
Puttin' off their Summer dresses fur the
sober Autumn gown,
An' the Bob White pipes its music in the
woods an' in the fields,
An' the ever-faithful orchard all its richest
bounty yields.
Other seasons offer beauties worthy of a
poet's rhyme,
But I pin my love to Autumn an' her rich-
ness, every time.

Then the harvestin' is over an' the mows
are stuffed with hay,
An' amid the golden tassels o' the corn the
breezes play,
An' the hungry-throated thresher swallers
down its golden food,
Hummin' notes o' thankful music to the
Giver of All Good.
'Tis the season o' festivity, when fun an' joy
an' mirth
Dodges in an' takes possession o' the rural
part of earth,
An' the silvery bells o' pleasure ring their
gladdest, merriest chime.—
So I pin my best affection to the Autumn,
every time.

Then the wimmin git together 'round the
cherished quiltin' frame,—
Laughing-eyed an' merry maiden, motherly
an' sober dame,—
An' they stitch an' stitch unceasin', tongues
with needles keepin' time,
Chattin' socially or singin' meetin' hymns in
rural rhyme;
Then when the golden sunset marks the
closin' o' the day,
And the chiny supper dishes are all washed
an' put away,
Then the men folks come a-troopin', dressed
up in their Sunday clothes,
Fur the kissin' party pleasures none but
country people knows.

Rosy cheeks grow still more rosy, brighter
grow the laughin' eyes,
As the merry youths an' maidens snatch at
pleasure as she flies,
An' the peals o' joyous laughter tremble on
the atmosphere
When some awkward boy is told to kiss
the maid he loves most dear;
An' bunched in groups the old folks sit and
ply the busy tongue.
Fur the plays bring recollections o' the days
when they were young;
An' near the merry players in some quiet,
cosy spot,
Cupid lurks within the shadders, waitin' fur
to git a shot.

Poets sing about the seasons in the slickest
sort o' rhymes,
An' on the bells o' fancy ring a myriad o'
chimes,
An' call upon the Muses fur to send in-
spirin' thoughts
To nerve the fleet Pegasus as along the
course he trots.
But I don't never lack for inspiration when
I sing
About the time that follers up the Summer's
takin' wing;
The glorious, golden Autumn, when all
Nature is in rhyme,
Kin ketch the bulky end of my affections,
every time.



A POET ON A WHEEL.

Colonel Will L. Visscher, the poet-humorist of the Chicago Press Club, and Opie Read's partner on the platform, was a Union soldier in a Kentucky regiment during the war, and after the war the private secretary and amanuensis for George D. Prentiss of the Louisville Courier-Journal. Some time ago, in company with a dozen or more members of the Press Club, the Colonel visited the rink to see the Poet Scout tackle a wheel for the first time, and the following dialect verses are descriptive of what too place:

'Twas in Chicago's crowded streets,
 Not very long ago,
And I was strolling 'long the way,
 Jis' sorter lost, you know,
When who should I run up agin,
 A-lookin' mighty new,
But Captain Jack an' Opie Read,
 An' Stanley Waterloo,
An' Hugh Blake Williams, Henry Gay,
 Paul Hull and Kirk La Shelle,
Cap. Meredith an' Charlie Banks,
 Tom Nicholl an' Frizelle,



C. Almy, known as "Commodore,"
Jack Fuller an' Fred Rae,
Nixon Waterman, the poet,
B. A. Johnson—"Been Away"—
With Billy Hyde an' Dave Saseen,
All goin' to a rink,
Where Jack would ride a wheel, he said
So I just tuck the wink,
An' jined the gang to see the fun.
I wish you'd been along,
Fer ef you had, you'd pardon me
For singin' this here song.
Jack 'lowed as how he'd allers rid
Whatever come his way,
An' blamed if I haint seed him work
Some tough ones in my day.

They trotted out the silent steed,
A common-lookin' wheel,
And Jack, he jumped the critter's back
An started in to spiel.
The fellers roared, but Jack was thar,
With all his vim and pluck,
But fell some forty foot or less—
The wheel was on the buck.
I never seed a broncho beast
Put on more airs than that,
An' for a spell Jack didn't know,
Right sure, where he was at.
But still he tackled on agin
An' rolled for quite a spell,
An' then I wish you could er heerd
Them Press Club fellers yell.
That 'cycle tuck a twist or two,
Then run agin the wall
An' doubled Jack up like a knife,
His long hair, hat and all.
He fell on it, and it on him,
An' sich a mix an' mess
I haven't seed sense last I saw
A dance-house row 'out Wes'.

Jack's legs were stickin' through the spokes;
The handle-bar had dug
Deep down into his manly breast;
The wall had bruised his mug;
He got a left-hand undercut
Somewheres about the heart,

And blamed ef I warn't thinkin', then,
We'd have to git a cart
To haul that feller outen thar,
An' lay him up awhile;
But up Jack riz, a-limpin' like,
An' with a sickly smile,
He mounted on that thing agin
An' rid it right along,
A-keepin' up with all the gang,
An' singin' of a song,
Ontil he got too cute an' smart,
An' lifted up his hat,
To give a wild Comanche yell,
But while a-doin' that,
A heavy girl bore down on him
An' raked him fore an' aft,
An' then the gethered multitude
Jis fell, and rolled, an' laughed.

I didn't see no mo' of Jack,
Ontil some fellers went
An' pulled apart the pile of truck
In which old Jack was blent.
An' that was skirts, an' hose, and legs,
An' red an' grayish hair,
An' wheels, and arms, an' sorted shoes—
"Sweet Maiden, hear my prayer!"
But that was 'bout the blamedest mix
My eyes have ever saw;
But Jack, he even riz from that,
Without a scratch or flaw.

But he was winded—tell you now—
An' then we left the place,
The fellers all a-hollerin'
Like sin for savin' grace;
But Jack, he 'lows he's got the wheel
Down to the nicest p'int,
An' gwine to ride one, ef it takes
A leg off at the j'int.
And now you'd orter see him scorch,
Columbia's flag unfurled,
Old Glory floating in the breeze,
The standard of the world.

YOU ARE WANTED AT HOME

SONG AND CHORUS

Written in San Francisco while waiting the arrival of General Grant from his tour around the world, and afterward sung to the General by the California Quartette.

You are wanted at home gallant chieftain,
We are watching and waiting for the,
We are waiting to give you a greeting,
A welcome from over the sea—
A welcome as soldiers can give it,
Who marched with you back to the dome,
We will show you, our noble commander,
How much you are wanted at home.

Chorus

You are wanted at home, yes, we want you,
For you were our bright guiding star,
You would guide us aright in our duty
In peace, as you led us in war,

You are wanted at home—do you wonder
That comrades all shout with delight?
It is love for our gallent commander
Who led us in many a fight.
It is you who can best understand us,
Our chieftian from over the foam.
And now you are here we will tell you
The why she is wanted at home.

Chorus

You are wanted at home—'tis the Union,
The land and the home of the brave,
The land of our star-spangled banner,
Where man nevermore can be slave.
You are wanted by hearts true and loyal,
Who love you, where ever you roam,
And you will be happy returning,
Because there is no place like home.

Chorus

TRUTH

Truth is like gold in glutches,
Oft buried deep under the sod,
While often the tender-foot * searches,
For gold on the face of the clod.
The color is found on the surface,
But if you would find richer stock,
Go down where large nuggets are buried
Go down till you find bed-rock.

Many people examine the surface,
And penetrate never within;
But the outside is sleek as a beaver,
The heart often dyed deep in sin.
Hence lives are but base contradictions
And hearts are oft pining in sorrow;
To-day what may seem quite angelic
As crime may be looked on tomorrow

Truth, then, is scattered and buried,
It is mixed with the gold in glen;
Go wash all the dirt from these nuggets
And find if you can honest men.
For truth that is true and unvarnished,
Is worth the search of the wise;
Compare it with nuggets and diamonds,
Pure truth is by far the best prize.

One miner perhaps in a million
Will pick up a fortune to-day,
While others may toil for a lifetime,
Yet delve in the very same way.
And yet 'tis by toiling we find them—
These nuggets we so much desire;
'Tis only by working unceasing
We manage to climb up still higher.

*A new-comer.

"THE SUNSHINE STATE"

When Governor Prince was ask if New Mexico had a pet name he replied that it had not. but that when the crown of statehood was placed upon the brow of the fair territory he could think of no appellation more appropriate than "The Sunshine State" This name at once became popular with the people of the Territory, and at the christening of the new state it will no doubt be conferred upon it.

From the Raton mountains on the north to the Texas line on the south, and from the eastern to the western boundaries of New Mexico, every city, town, village and ranch is a health resort. Especially is this true in lung troubles, the pure, dry atmosphere exerting its healing influence like magic on all pulmonary diseases. In all parts of the Territory can be found men who went there but living skeletons awaiting the summons from death, but who are now strong, robust men in the full enjoyment of magnificent health In that unsurpassed climate the flush of health was quickly wooed back to their pale, emaciated faces, and the old time strength renewed its reign in their shrunken limbs. The day is not far distant when new Mexico will be the great Mecca for consumptives, for no climate on the face of the broad earth is so effective for the cure of pulmonary diseases.

Not only as a health but as a plesaure resort is New Mexico destined to become famous. The days are but seldom uncomfortably hot and the nights are delightfully cool -so cool that in midsummer a heavy blanket is required for the comfort of the sleeper. The great diversity of scenery, mountain and plain. valley and rolling prairie. deep, picturesque, canons and dashing mountain streams of crystalline beauty, alive with trout, make it the most beatutiful and attractive land for the pleasure seeker along the whele southwestern border. The severity of a northern winter is never known in that land of perpetual sunshine, and, excepting in the higher mountain locaiities, snow is rarely seen.

I cannot here give space to deservedly mention its farming, gardening and fruit growing industries. There are no crop failures, for irrigation is yet required. and water is run upon the growing crops whenever necessary. As has been the case in all newly settled localities rains are becoming more frequent. and irrigation ditches will ere long only be necessary in cases of drouth.

Deer, bear, elk, mountain sheep, antelope and other species of large game can be found in abundance, and jack and cottontail rabbits, turkey, grouse, quail, ducks, geese, etc., are found in almost every locality. It is indeed a sportsmen's paradise.

My home has been in that sunny land for twenty-three years, and there I expect to remain until called to the only land which can surpass it in loveliness.

The land beyond the dark and rolling river,
Where faithful ones like you and I will cluster,
In rapturous joy forever and farever—
Provided we can pass the final muster.

And in order to reach there take it take

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CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

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